

GEN

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 1833 01789 7551

III

± 7389

11/5,00
G

GENEALOGY
929.2
H838V0

Louise Crothers

John Bessie Volkmann

✓

A CHRONICLE
OF HER FAMILY

compiled by

ELIZABETH HOWE VOLKMANN

AND DEDICATED TO HER

CHILDREN
and
GRANDCHILDREN



EDITED AND PRIVATELY PRINTED
BY HER NEPHEW
WILLIAM DEERING HOWE

- 1932 -

COPYRIGHT 1932

by

ELIZABETH HOWE VOLKMANN

Allen County Public Library
900 Webster Street
PO Box 2270
Fort Wayne, IN 46801-2270

Printed in the United States of America
BY CHARLES P. YOUNG COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY

PART FIRST



MUCH REGRET that I never inquired fully into the lives and characteristics of my forebears from the older members of my family who knew about them, and that I have, therefore, little that is clear and authentic to hand down to my descendants. Nevertheless, I am moved to write what little I do know of my great-grandfathers and -mothers, to the end that all personal knowledge of them may not be entirely lost to my own children and grandchildren.

In an attempt to record something of them, other than that which can be discovered from a geneological tree, I concern myself, first, with my maternal great-grandparents, John Philip and Elizabeth Zimmermann Arndt. The family, probably finding the name of Zimmermann unwieldy in America, translated it into Carpenter and used it in that form.

One of them, and I do not know which, was born in Germany but came to Pennsylvania at an early age. Both were of pure German stock and were a part of the Pennsylvania-Dutch group of colonists. These people were all of German and not of Holland blood, and why they were called "Pennsylvania-Dutch" I never knew.

There were six children born to John P. and Elizabeth Arndt, of whom I know. There may have been others who died in infancy or childhood. They were: Mary Beidelmann, who was my grandmother; Philip, who was drowned in the Susquehanna River, when he was eight years old; Charles, who was a member of the Territorial Legislature of Wisconsin, and was shot and

killed by a man named Vineyard in the heat of debate, while his father sat in the gallery of the Chamber, listening;* Hamilton, who, as far as I know, lived mostly in the open, was a skilled hunter and canoeist, and often conducted parties of emigrants through the uncharted woods and waters to find and locate homestead claims; Wallace, who was a lawyer and a small farmer, rather famed for his grapes, and who lived in Depere, Wisconsin, and Elizabeth, who married Harry Eastman, and who lived and died in a lovely old house in Green Bay, Wisconsin.

The family home had been in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, where, I believe, my great-grandparents were married; at any rate, they lived there a good many years and their children were all born there.

To go back for a moment, to the death of the oldest son, Phillip, as my grandmother told me the story more than once. The water in the river was abnormally high at the time, running a swift stream on a level with the wharves, which was a matter of great interest to both young and old. The boy Phillip had been put to bed as usual. His father was playing cards before the fire with a group of gentlemen when word came that Phillip was not in his bed and could not be found. Everyone thought at once of the high water and rushed to the riverfront. No trace of him was to be found there, and the little boy who had gone with him was finally found, hidden in terror under his own bed. All that could be learned from him was that he and Phillip had gone down to see the high water, and that it was very dark, and he could not find Phillip. It was conceded by all, except the Courts, that the poor little

*Charles Dickens, in his "*American Notes*", writes of this tragic incident as an illustration of what went on in our halls of legislation all over the country.

eight-year-old had stepped off into the swift-running current and, as it was very dark, all trace of him was lost forever. The fact that his body was never recovered, prevented the Courts from turning over to his father a legacy which had been left to the child by a friend of the family.

The spirit of a pioneer was in my great-grandfather. After the death of his son, his natural restlessness, augmented by his great sorrow, drove him out of the too much settled region of Pennsylvania and in a covered wagon, loaded with his household possessions and his wife and children, he crossed the Alleghanies and settled for a year or two in Sandusky, Ohio. But the land of the setting sun still beckoned him, and again he boarded his prairie schooner and moved on, through Detroit, through the length of the State of Michigan, to Mackinac, known to the Indians and Jesuit missionaries as Michilimackinac, which was indeed the frontier.

I know very little of the life of the family during the years spent there, but from what I remember of the stories told me in my early childhood by my grandmother, I have in my mind vague pictures of their life, from the point of view of a child, as my grandmother herself was but fourteen when they went from there to Green Bay—pictures of the terrible cold, of the long nights and short days, of the wind blowing off the Great Lakes, of the children struggling through the snow and cold to get home from school before dark overtook them, of their fear of Indians and fierce Indian dogs, and finally of their reaching the great kitchen, with its huge fireplace where pots of food hung pendent from the cranes, and kettles were simmering on the iron trivets, where the children drew off their heavy outside garments and threw themselves on the floor in front of the fire.

The schools in Mackinac were sketchy affairs, but the children had such advantages as were obtainable and, as they grew older, I think it was the influence of my great-grandmother which induced her pioneer husband again to move, this time to Green Bay, where the schools were more adequate, the Indians peaceful and life in every way more comfortable.

The town of Green Bay stands at the point where the Fox River empties into the Bay, which is an arm of Lake Michigan. It is one of the very early settlements in the Northwest. La Salle was there and Père Marquette and others of the famous old Jesuit missionaries and explorers. They established a mission for the Menomonic Indians, which was supported by funds from the order in France and greatly flourished for many years.

After the collapse of the Jesuit power and their expulsion from France, the mission was taken over by the French government, which may have been the reason why so many French settlers came there; so many as to leave their imprint for many a long day upon the community as a whole.

An Astor fur-trading post was established there, which brought large numbers of hunters of big game, both Indian and French-Canadian, for trading purposes, and also many Englishmen into the management of the company.

The establishment across the river at Fort Howard of an Army Post in 1816, added still another element of interest and distinction to an already colorful community, so that Green Bay, for a hundred years and more, was quite different from the ordinary humdrum western settlements, which were made up largely of migrating farmers from stony New England, and somewhat later, by foreigners from Germany, Sweden and Denmark.

Well-known French names cropped out in Green Bay, such as Juneau, Beaupré, Grignon, Parmentier; also good English names appeared, and many are the stories my grandmother has told me of the distinctively French and English customs that long endured among them.

Two prominent citizens of that day, Judge Law and Mr. Grignon, each took to themselves Indian wives who bore them children. One night, when they were deep in their cups, they traded wives, so that the geneology of these old families is much confused and probably has never been disentangled. Finally the wives came under the influence of the Padres and the pressure of the Church induced both Judge Law and Mr. Grignon to marry the mothers of their children, and the second combination was adhered to.

Judge Law maintained a large hospitality, though his Indian wife never sat at the table with him and his sons and daughters, but ate her food crouching in a corner of the kitchen, Indian fashion, as best she could. A long table was spread at which any straggler of whatever race or color was welcome to sit "below the salt," while the Judge, surrounded by his invited guests and his children, sat above it, and all alike were served.

Socially, the French kept rather to themselves, I do not know whether from choice or necessity, until the line of distinction was gradually obliterated by intermarriage. I recall that, in speaking of certain people, my grandmother never failed to mention that he or she was French, showing that the line had been hard to erase.

In the old days, the French balls were famous. Practically no one but the French themselves attended, but my mother and my aunt, Grace Howe, were asked upon many occasions, whether because they studied French with dear old Ursule Grignon or because they belonged to old Judge Arndt I do not know, but, at any rate, the

invitation was a very unusual distinction. They went whenever they were asked and stayed until after the great supper was served, a supper of venison and wild game of all kinds, prepared as only the old French cooks could do them, after which the filling and refilling of the punch bowl made it discreet for two young American girls to withdraw from the festivities. No other balls ever approached these in riotous gayety and abandoned fun.

To this interesting town my great-grandparents went in 1822 or 1823, and it was an old-settled community then. My great-grandfather built a large house on the edge of the river, where the family continued as long as they lived. The house was torn down before my day, but my grandmother has pointed out to me, many times, the exact spot where it stood.

There was no tavern in Green Bay at that time, and inasmuch as the Arndt homestead was the largest in the town and my great-grandmother famed for her cooking, it gradually came about that strangers were entertained there and their house developed into the one hotel of the town, until the Astor Fur Trading Company finally built and operated a regular hotel. The reputation of the old Astor House was still a point of pride when I was a little girl, though the building had long since disappeared.

I do not know what my great-grandfather did in the way of regular business, but I suspect he was a trader in general commodities. Of him I have two mental pictures: a young, strong, restless pioneer, and then a calm, benign, comfortable old gentleman, much looked up to by his fellow-citizens.

He never studied law, but was year after year elected Judge of the Probate Court, and decided all cases that came before him according to his own sense of right.

This seems to have worked well for a good many years, and his standing in the community was attested to by a good many stories, some of them amusing, which were told of him.

Among them was that of a certain man who came to Green Bay from the East to get some kind of a concession, probably for water-power. He said that every man he approached on the subject asked him if he had talked with old Judge Arndt about it. "You can't get anything done in Green Bay without the consent of the Judge. Even the frogs in the river continually croak 'Old Judge Arndt, Old Judge Arndt'."

My great-grandmother I know to have been quite a different character, and none too easy to buck against if the occasion arose. She told everybody when to plant his garden, when to hoe his potatoes, when to clean house, how to sew and cook; in fact she seems to have been a self-appointed general superintendent of the community. With it all, she had a very lovable side. I have been told that in her old age, and she lived to be well over eighty, the young women of her acquaintance were her constant visitors and devoted admirers.

She was a wonderful nurse. There was no doctor except the army surgeon at the Post, and, of course, no such thing as a trained nurse for many years after her time, so she went hither and yon to care for the sick and I am sure she never knew how many babies she helped into the world. But she was dictatorial, undoubtedly.

This story was told: One day she stood looking out of her window. She saw a woman standing waist deep in the river, doing her family washing in the old-country fashion, a woman whose confinement she had attended three days before. She went at once to the shore, called the woman in, boxed her ears soundly and marched her

home to bed, and personally saw that she was kept there for a week, scolding, scolding, all the time.

One day, when she was very old and bent with rheumatism, my Aunt Grace Howe went to see her, as she used to love to do, and found her standing on her kitchen table, whitewashing the ceiling.

“Oh, Mrs. Arndt! Why are you doing that?” she exclaimed.

“They sent a stupid boy here who didn’t know his business; so I gave him a piece of my mind and sent him off, and am doing it myself.”

Our great-grandparents were very hospitable to their grandchildren. Their house was a second home to a host of youngsters; my own mother as a child stayed with them months at a time, and was indulged to the danger point with all sorts of rich, delicious food wholly unsuited to a child’s digestion.

She remembered one occasion when her grandmother peeled a large cucumber and gave it to her. She went into the garden to eat it and there ran afoul of her grandfather, who took it away from her and threw it off into the river as far as he could. She, a little six-year-old, went whining back to the kitchen and said, “Grandma, Grandpa threw away my cucumber.”

“The old fool!” said her grandmother, and prepared another one for her.

My great-grandmother never had a cook, as far as I have ever heard. She had servants to do the rest of her household work and to wait upon her in the kitchen, but the sacred duty of the cooking itself, she never trusted to anyone. My grandmother told me that she used to bake bread three times a week and for years, each time, she made twenty-one loaves to give away, beside what she baked for her own household.

Unquestionably the exigencies of her life tended to

over-emphasize the less lovely side of her character—always having to live where conditions were hard, where emergencies were frequent and where decisions had to be quick, because the welfare of her family depended largely upon her—and if she scolded a good deal and was sometimes arbitrary and difficult, as I suspect she was, I hope her children and grandchildren loved her none the less, and that her great-grandchildren and her great-great-grandchildren will respect and admire her and will remember her generosity and helpfulness to all who needed her sympathy.

I wish I knew more of these two worthies, who did a man's and a woman's work in the world, and did it well; all that I know and have recorded was told me by my grandmother, when as a little girl I stayed with her months at a time. She could have told me so much more, had I known enough to ask her.

The Judge and his wife were my mother's maternal grandparents, and now, when I turn to her paternal grandparents, I have even less to record, when I could have learned so much from my dear grandfather Cotton; but alas! the lack of interest of a child again stood in the way.

However, I know that John Rossiter and Priscilla Jackson Cotton were of pure English ancestry, and that their home was in Plymouth, Massachusetts. He was a direct lineal descendant of the Rev. John Cotton, the so-called "Teacher" of the First Church in Boston and the colleague of its first Minister, the Rev. Dr. Wilson. As is well known, John Cotton gave up his prosperous pastorate at St. Botolph's Church in Boston, England, to throw in his lot with the feeble Colony of Massachusetts Bay, and the tradition in the family is that Boston, Massachusetts, was given its name in recognition of that great sacrifice on his part.

A recumbent statue, in white marble, was eventually placed in the First Church of Boston by his descendants, upon which is the following inscription:

JOHN COTTON

BORN IN DERBYSHIRE, ENGLAND

4 December 1585

HE DIED IN THE COLONY OF MASSACHUSETTS BAY

23 December 1652

FELLOW OF EMANUEL COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

1607

VICAR OF THE CHURCH OF SAINT BOTOLPH

Boston, Lincolnshire

1612-1633

Regardless of Preferment and

Conspicuous as a Puritan Divine

He became the object of prelatical Persecution

“Unawed by influence and unbribed by gain”

He then sought refuge in New England

ORDAINED IMMEDIATELY UPON HIS ARRIVAL

HE MINISTERED TO HIS DEATH AS

TEACHER OF THE BOSTON CHURCH

1633-1652

SCHOLAR—THEOLOGIAN—PREACHER—PUBLICIST

He Gave Form and Inspiration to

The Ecclesiastical Policy Known as

“The New England Way”

PRECEPTOR AND FRIEND OF VANE

From Him Cromwell Sought Counsel

Living, He was Revered as

“That Apostle of His Age”

Dead, He is Remembered as

“Patriarch of the Massachusetts Theocracy”

HIS DESCENDANTS IN THE SEVENTH AND EIGHTH GENERATIONS

HAVE ERECTED THIS MEMORIAL

1907



It is a matter of regret to us that we knew nothing of this undertaking until it was an accomplished fact, so we are not among the subscribers.

His grandson was the Rev. Cotton Mather, of Salem witchcraft fame, but this simple chronicle of the less glorious descendants of these great men need not concern itself with them, further than to recognize the honorable parent stock from which they sprung.

My beloved grandfather was given the name of "John Winslow", which further attests the family connection with the heroic first settlers of our country.

Of the children born to Rowland and Priscilla Cotton, I know of three sons and one daughter—and there may have been others: Charles, John Winslow, Roland Edwin and Mary Sophia. Charles was the first born, and was the grandfather of our beloved cousins, Florence De Val and Minnie Fairbanks. He was born during the last decade of the eighteenth century; a man of intrinsic importance, he was kindly, energetic and brave. He thought for himself and his achievement was not inconsiderable. He was a graduate of Harvard College with the class of 1807, and his medical degree he received from Brown University. He entered the Navy, and was a full surgeon by the time he was twenty-three.

He served during the War of 1812 and was on the United States Frigate *Hornet* during her famous battle with the British Ship *Peacock*. His energy and bravery carried him almost to the point of insubordination, when he was ordered to stand below or be put in irons.

After the defeat of the *Peacock*, he was as humane and helpful to the British wounded as to his own countrymen and later on an English medical society presented him with a case of medical instruments, in grateful recognition of his services. Many years later, his son

Priscilla Jackson, wife of
Roster Cotton, Plymouth, Massachusetts



*Priscilla Jackson, wife of
Rossiter Cotton, Plymouth, Massachusetts*

It is a matter of regret to us that we knew nothing of this undertaking until it was an accomplished fact, so we are not among the subscribers.

His grandson was the Rev. Cotton Mather, of Salem witchcraft fame, but this simple chronicle of the less glorious descendants of these great men need not concern itself with them, further than to recognize the honorable parent stock from which they sprung.

My beloved grandfather was given the name of "John Winslow", which further attests the family connection with the heroic first settlers of our country.

Of the children born to Rossiter and Priscilla Cotton, I know of three sons and one daughter—and there may have been others: Charles, John Winslow, Roland Edwin and Mary Sophia. Charles was the first born, and was the grandfather of our beloved cousins, Florence Du Val and Minnie Fairbanks. He was born during the last decade of the eighteenth century; a man of intrinsic importance, he was kindly, energetic and brave. He thought for himself and his achievement was not inconsiderable. He was a graduate of Harvard College with the class of 1807, and his medical degree he received from Brown University. He entered the Navy, and was a full surgeon by the time he was twenty-three.

He served during the War of 1812 and was on the United States Frigate *Hornet* during her famous battle with the British Ship *Peacock*. His energy and bravery carried him almost to the point of insubordination, when he was ordered to stay below or be put in irons.

After the defeat of the *Peacock*, he was as humane and helpful to the British wounded as to his own countrymen and later on an English medical society presented him with a case of medical instruments, in grateful recognition of his services. Many years later, his son

Charles, who followed the sea, was ill in China and was attended by an English surgeon. When it came to a settlement of his account, the surgeon asked if he were related to Dr. Charles Cotton. When he learned that he was his son, he said, "Any Englishman would be a poltroon, who accepted a fee from the son of Dr. Charles Cotton."

He served on the United States Frigate *Constitution*, under her famous commander, Capt. Lawrence, and our cousin, William Cotton, has in his possession a small desk he had made for his cabin and used during his service aboard her. Because of ill health, he was forced to resign from the Navy, to his lasting regret, and retired to Newport, where he ended his days.

He was the simplest of men, of broad cultivation—a true aristocrat—and to my imagination, he was always a dramatic figure. In his old age, he visited annually his daughter, Cousin Mary Sophia Fairbanks, in her Brooklyn home, and never failed to go to Trinity Churchyard and stand at salute beside the grave of his beloved commander, a tall, spare old figure amid the passing throng, utterly oblivious to his surroundings. He married Mary Northam of Newport, and was the father of fourteen children, many of whom died in childhood; of those who lived to maturity, Cousin Mary Sophia Fairbanks and Cousin Augusta Ayers touched our lives closely and were beloved of us.

My grandfather, John Winslow, was educated at West Point, graduating in 1823. The Military Academy was organized on its present lines in 1819, so he was an early graduate. In due course, I shall write further of him.

Roland Edwin, the youngest brother, was Register of Deeds in Plymouth County most of his adult life. He was finally defeated at an election, my grandfather said,

because he made no effort in his own behalf. The office had been held in the family for 165 years, and Uncle Edwin had probably come to feel that it belonged to him, as by divine right. My grandfather was very impatient with him about it.

He was married four times, with varying degrees of success, and had one daughter of whom I know, Mary, who married Wallace Miller, a Methodist minister, with whom he lived most of the last years of his life, though he spent a good deal of time with my grandfather on his farm in Green Bay. He was a gentle, kindly man, who had little force and not much ability, as it seems to me on looking back.

The only daughter of the family was Mary Sophia. She married Lieutenant Gordon of Virginia, an Army officer, and died when she was nineteen years old. The family were sorrow-stricken, and her brothers, to the end of their long lives, retained a most romantic and loving memory of her, and each gave one of her names to his daughter. There was a Mary, a Sophia or a Gordon in each family, and sometimes two of her names were given, as Mary Sophia Fairbanks and Mary Gordon Howe, who was my mother. The name has persisted to the third and fourth generations and has been given to my daughter, Mary Gordon Volkmann, and to my second grandson, Gordon Howe Volkmann.

I have no mental picture of the personality of my great-grandfather Cotton, but I know his wife, Priscilla, to have been a woman of power and purpose, who was a strong influence for good in her community, and whose children "rose up to call her blessed."

She took into her home an orphaned niece and nephew, and brought them up with her own children; the niece became the second wife of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and was known to us as "Cousin Lydia," and during a long

lifetime was a not infrequent correspondent of my grandfather, whom she called "Cousin Winslow."

When my brother James and I came East to school, he to Harvard and I to a boarding school in Boston, Cousin Lydia was most hospitable to us, and we have each spent more than one week-end under the beautiful Emerson roof-tree. I shall never forget the first time I went there; the invitation came through her daughter, Cousin Ellen Emerson. For fear I might be lonely, she asked me to bring a friend with me.

So Harriet McKindley and I went out to Concord of a lovely Saturday morning in June and were met at the station by Cousin Ellen and Uncle Edwin Cotton, who was visiting there at the time. She drove us back to the house to leave our bags, and then explained that she had to go in to Boston, to the dentist, an engagement she had forgotten when she asked us for that particular time. So we drove her back to the station with the old bay horse and carry-all, and I remember how amused we were when she suddenly put her hand to her head and said, "I forgot to change my hat. Well, it is of no consequence."

Her father, Ralph Waldo Emerson, had a lecturing engagement for that evening in Boston, so he also drove with us to the station. He was dressed for the evening, though it was not more than eleven o'clock in the morning. Cousin Ellen mildly expostulated and even went so far as to suggest an overcoat, but she was overridden by the "gentle Sage of Concord," and together they departed for the city, she wearing her garden hat and he in full evening dress. Harriet and I thought it all very funny and wondered how the two would look on Boylston Street, but we know now that no mere unconventionality could detract from the dignity and refinement of those two important people.

We returned to the house to see Cousin Lydia for the first time. She was a very old lady by then and frail; she never came downstairs until noon. Uncle Edwin, Harriet and I were on the front porch when she joined us, and I wish I could describe the effect of her appearance on us two young girls; she was a veritable vision. Tall and slender and straight, dressed in a black silk skirt and black velvet "basque", a turned-over collar of fine lace, held at the throat by a light blue cameo pin, her soft white hair was covered by a white tulle cap which was tied under her chin with a fresh light blue ribbon. Her eyes were bright blue, gentle and alert, her cheeks tinged a soft pink, her beautiful figure perfectly erect, her voice low, musical and cultured.

She came toward us, her hand extended, and asked, with a pleasant, slow smile, "Which is my cousin?"

I shall never forget it, the beauty, the graciousness of her greeting, nor the pride I felt in being of her lineage.

She talked to me much of my grandfather, of whom she was very fond, though they had not met for many years. She told me of the visit my grandmother made to the family in Plymouth during the first year of her marriage. Indeed, my grandmother's first child, John Rossiter, was born during that visit, when she was only sixteen years old.

Cousin Lydia and she became great friends. The background and bringing-up of each had been utterly different, but both came from upstanding, God-fearing homes, so there was common ground under them, which enabled Cousin Lydia to appreciate and enjoy this new pioneer cousin from the "great unfenced," with her frank, unconventional ways and breezy personality.

How Cousin Lydia laughed when she told me that one day my grandmother said, "Why is it, Lydia, that

sometimes you can be so lovely and sometimes so cussed?" I believe they never saw each other after that visit, which must have been in 1826, nor did they ever forget each other.

Cousin Lydia's brother, who was also brought up by my great-grandparents, was Dr. Charles Jackson, a man who became very widely known. He discovered ether, and just as he was on the point of making known his discovery, Dr. Morton announced his own discovery of the same thing. There was a long and bitter controversy over the matter, and the truth seems to be that the discovery was made simultaneously, though separately, by each.

At any rate, the statue in the Boston Public Garden to commemorate this important event, is erected to "The Discoverer of Ether", no name being given.

Nothing ever offended my grandfather more, nor, indeed, any member of his family, than to suggest any doubt as to Dr. Jackson's priority of discovery.

I wish I could give an adequate picture of my grandfather: he was born in the year 1800, and died in 1878—he was six feet tall, slender and straight, and throughout his days he kept his military bearing. He was graduated from West Point in 1823, and like most young officers in those days, he was sent to the frontier. His first post was Fort Snelling, which is situated on the west bank of the Mississippi River, between Minneapolis and St. Paul. After a year of service there, he was ordered to Fort Howard, where he speedily met Mary Beidelmann Arndt, and in 1825 they were married, when he was twenty-five and she fifteen years old.

His army career ended in 1844, when his retirement was made necessary by a fall from his horse in consequence of which he was lame for several years. He was always sensitive about this, and how many times he ex-

plained to us children that his resignation was accepted a year before the outbreak of the Mexican War!

He was modest and retiring, yet of a definite, clear-cut character, and we children adored him. All his life he was one of the givers, rather than the takers. He had a fine bass voice and sang in the choir of the Episcopal Church for many years, which was one of his chief pleasures and interests. He sang to and with us children, whenever we were together; he taught us "part songs" and "rounds", which we delighted in. I remember "Three Blind Mice" and "Come, Come My Children, Now Let Me See How Well You Know Your A, B, C". I could sing them now if anyone would listen.

After his resignation from the army, he bought a farm two miles south of Green Bay, on which he lived the remainder of his life, and which is perhaps the most important landmark in my early life.

Their life in the army was full of adventure and interest, but as I learned more of it from my grandmother than from my grandfather, what meagre information I have, is from her point of view and largely of their social life.

Still, there were other glimpses.

My grandfather was on leave in Green Bay when the Black Hawk war broke out, and was of course ordered immediately to rejoin his regiment, which was stationed at the time at Jefferson Barracks, below St. Louis on the Mississippi. His wife and oldest child, then eleven months old, were with him. A large, open row-boat was provided for their transportation, manned by ten soldiers, and they started on what was indeed a perilous journey. It was necessary to keep to the middle of the rivers and lakes through which they passed, to be as far as possible out of range of Indian arrows, and to camp at night with no fire and as little noise as possible,

this last being difficult to accomplish with a baby approaching the creeping or walking stage. They passed down Fox River, through the length of Lake Winnebago, meeting rapids and shallows, into the Rock River, the Wisconsin River, and finally the Mississippi. There were other smaller rivers and lakes to pass through and several "carries" to be made, but they reached Jefferson Barracks without mishap. My recollection is that the journey took two weeks.

I remember this story: Once when they were traveling on horseback through the wilds of Missouri, they stopped at a farmhouse where the women of the family, a mother and daughter, were in real distress because they were making shirts for their menfolk and one of them had broken her needle, so that only one could sew at a time. It was before the days of sewing machines, and this was a real calamity, since every stitch had to be set by hand and sewing was an interminable process. My grandmother gave them a whole paper of needles, the like of which they had not seen for many a long year, and their joy and gratitude were unbounded.

Army life suited my grandmother thoroughly, and in after life she loved to live over again those interesting days and was ready to talk endlessly with me about them. The pity of my not being mature enough to appreciate the value and importance, as well as the interest, of what she could have told me!

They were all young, light-hearted and gay. There were dinner parties, picnics, dancing, charades and theatricals. Their quarters were small—four rooms were considered luxurious and usually my grandparents lived in three—but it was the same with them all, and was accounted no hardship. My grandmother's children were left with her mother in Green Bay a good deal of the time, which lessened the pressure upon the four walls

of their small quarters. Grandparents must have been a source of relief to many a young officer's family in those days, providing space and proper educational advantages to army children.

It was a great trial to my grandmother when her husband's resignation made it necessary for her to give up the delightful social life she had so much enjoyed in the army and take up her abode on their farm. But at least she had her children all with her, and she established a home where hospitality soon became famed. She went far and wide in her ministrations to the sick and needy, just as her mother had done before her, and she speedily became "Auntie Cotton" to the whole community. They had a cheerful, happy home life with many young people coming and going. They were all musical and fond of dancing, so that the informal gayeties of army life were carried on there, as far as possible. Indians were all about Green Bay in those days, and I remember the thrill of excitement I felt on being told of the face of an Indian suddenly appearing at the open window, when my mother was practicing on the piano, and uttering the indescribable grunt of Indian disapproval; my thrill was intensified when I knew that she, a lovely young girl, was alone in the house at the time. However, there seemed to be no special fear of the Indians, who were friendly, who stood in wholesome awe of Captain Cotton, and who had received many kindnesses at the hand of "Auntie Cotton."

Again I feel the inadequacy of my attempt to interpret my grandmother to her descendants. It has been whispered that she had traits that made her difficult, but her heart was of gold; pain, want, distress of any kind found in her the quickest sympathy and efficient means of help. Being extremely capable herself, her patience was often short with those who were less so,

and her emphatic manner often reduced people to tears—to her extreme regret. Her contact with her grandchildren could hardly have been more successful, but in her relation to others she has herself told me that she had much to regret. I shall never forget the tragic old figure, sitting in silence, dry-eyed, by the side of her daughter, my dear mother, after death had claimed her. At last, in grief-stricken tones, she said, “She never caused me an unhappy moment in her life, and God knows, I caused her so many.”

She was the most capable person I ever knew, a wonderful cook and housekeeper, nurse, seamstress and milliner. When she was eighty years old, she designed, cut, fitted and made modish clothes for her youngest granddaughters, Bessie and Priscilla Cotton.

Her daughter’s intimate friend was found in tears one day, and explained it by saying that Auntie Cotton had scolded her dreadfully because she did not plant her lawn to potatoes. It was characteristic of her that if she saw anything, anywhere, that she thought could be bettered, she went at it directly, no matter where it took her or whose prejudices she encountered, not always an agreeable trait, but always, in her case, animated by a desire to help. And she had a royal sense of humor. The cemetery lay between the town and her farm, and she always passed through it, day or night, if it were on her way. One very dark night, when she was returning from a poor death-bed, she accidentally stepped into an open grave that had been prepared for a funeral the next day. She was asked if she were not frightened, and she replied, “Why should I be, I knew I should rise again, for I had a yeast-cake in my pocket.”

Her benefactions and helpfulness were varied and as broad as human need. I recall this amusing story: An intimate friend of her daughter’s had great difficulty in



the discipline and bringing up of one of her children, and she appealed to my grandmother for advice. It ended in the refractory child living for two years or more with my grandmother, where she was happy and entirely tractable. Finally, the family moved away from Green Bay and took their child with them. She returned a year later to visit my grandmother, and on being asked by someone if she liked her new home as well as she liked Green Bay, she replied, "I had rather be a skunk under Auntie Cotton's barn than an angel in Chippewa!"

Could there be higher testimony as to my grandmother's success with a difficult pupil?

To her grandchildren she was always "Auntie" and our grandfather was "Pa"; we called them by the old-fashioned names used by their own children, and it is a real pity never to have had the use of the lovely names of grandfather and grandmother on our lips. In the next generation, the pendulum swung back, and those of us who have achieved that distinction are called grandfather and grandmother; in one case, at least, with the childish modification of "Ganfava", with the accent on the last syllable, which so delighted my father, when his first grandson, Talbot, so called him.

Our grandmother has lain in her grave for nearly forty years, and is vividly remembered for her compelling individuality, her generosity and universal kindness. Even the new-comers to Green Bay have heard about her and know that she was a veritable "Auntie Cotton" to all who needed her.

Five children were born to my grandparents: John Rossiter, Elizabeth Arnold, Priscilla Jackson, Mary Gordon and Charles Arnold.

John Rossiter was born in Plymouth, Massachusetts. When he was four years old, he had a terrible fall, both of his ear-drums were broken, and he became a deaf



*"Beaupré", Home of Captain J. W. Cotton,
Green Bay, Wisconsin*

the discipline and bringing up of one of her children, and she appealed to my grandmother for advice. It ended in the refractory child living for two years or more with my grandmother, where she was happy and entirely tractable. Finally, the family moved away from Green Bay and took their child with them. She returned a year later to visit my grandmother, and on being asked by someone if she liked her new home as well as she liked Green Bay, she replied, "I had rather be a skunk under Auntie Cotton's barn than an angel in Chippewa!"

Could there be higher testimony as to my grandmother's success with a difficult problem?

To her grandchildren she was always "Ma", and our grandfather was "Pa"; we called them by the old-fashioned names used by their own children, and it is a real pity never to have had the use of the lovely names of grandfather and grandmother on our lips. In the next generation, the pendulum swung back, and those of us who have achieved that distinction are called grandfather and grandmother; in one case, at least, with the childish modification of "Ganfava", with the accent on the last syllable, which so delighted my father, when his first grandson, Talbot, so called him.

Our grandmother has lain in her grave for nearly forty years, and is vividly remembered for her compelling individuality, her generosity and universal kindness. Even the new-comers to Green Bay have heard about her and know that she was a veritable "Auntie Cotton" to all who needed her.

Five children were born to my grandparents: John Rossiter, Elizabeth Arndt, Priscilla Jackson, Mary Gordon and Charles Arndt.

John Rossiter was born in Plymouth, Massachusetts. When he was four years old, he had a terrible fall, both of his ear-drums were broken, and he became a deaf

mute, poor fellow! He was educated at the Asylum in Hartford, Connecticut, which was at that early date, and still is, the leading educational institution of its kind, in the country.

This was before lip-reading was taught anywhere, and deaf mutes learned the finger language, which they used together with many signs—signs which were unintelligible to anyone but themselves. This misfortune cut him off from all ordinary communication with people, and necessitated his earning his living with his hands. He learned to be a skilled worker in wood, and for the greater part of his life he worked in the car shops of the Chicago and North Western Railway, where he did fine inlaying and finishing on passenger cars.

He was a man of excellent ability, and could have taken his proper place among business-men had it not been for his tragic disability. He married a truly lovely woman, afflicted in the same way, and three children were born to them, Robert, Frank and John Rossiter. Of the three, only the oldest lived to manhood. The family lived in one apartment for thirty years, in Chicago, and there was always difficulty in keeping other tenants in the building because this family of deaf mutes were so noisy. They were very hospitable, and deaf mutes, cut off as they are from so much, are extremely gregarious, and in their frequent social gatherings, the noise they unconsciously made was unbearable to other tenants, which always amused us as children, and I recall our uncle's amusement, when he told us of the difficulties of his landlord.

Elizabeth Arndt was the second child and oldest daughter. She married Charles Royal Tyler of Maryland, and always lived in Green Bay. They had seven children, Augusta Ellis, Lewis Morris, Winslow Cotton, James Howe, Priscilla Cotton, Julia and Ellen Dean.

My personal recollection of "Auntie Tyler", for whom I was named, is of an elderly, delicate woman, but my whole mental picture of her is far otherwise and was given me largely by my Aunt Grace Howe, who loved her very much and in whose girlhood she was an important factor. She had unusual beauty of face and figure, she was vivacious to a degree, a laughing, gay, loving, dancing spirit; she took the cares of her household and her seven children easily and always had leisure for unlimited kindness and helpfulness to friend and neighbor and sympathy for both rich and poor. Aunt Grace Howe went to her house a great deal, as a young girl, and was enraptured always by her charm, her dramatic way of talking and the gayety of her spirit. I have seen my Aunt Grace laugh to tears over what went on in the Tyler household, the performances of the three boys, "Lew, Win and Jim", entered into and enjoyed to the full by their mother. She was much beloved by a large circle of friends and I remember, as a child, the joy her annual visits to my mother gave me.

Her youngest child, Dean, never left her side for a moment, day or night, if she could help it, and I can recall vividly my aunt throwing herself with sympathy and enthusiasm into the interests of everyone about her, talking quite as much with her hands as with her tongue, and this shy, silent little girl always close at her side; she was, in fact, what in my own family, much later, was known as a "Water-wag-tail". It is hard to think of Cousin Dean, with her vivid personality and outstanding independence of thought and action, as a "Water-wag-tail"!

Uncle Charles Tyler was a remarkably handsome man and very delightful. He and my father were the closest and most affectionate friends. He had an honorable career in the army during the Civil War, and was

afterward made Postmaster of Green Bay, a position which he held until his death. He was a merchant of high standing and unimpeachable integrity.

Their daughter, Augusta, married Alpheus Pardee and had three children, Charles, Lewis and Leola. Her brother Lewis married Ellen Richmond and has two daughters, Katharine and Ethel Cotton. Winslow married Mary Parks, and had three children, Charles Royal, Parks and Dean. James died at the age of twenty-six, Priscilla, known in the family as "Bird", died at sixteen, Julia died in early childhood, and Dean, married Walter B. Gueinzius and has always lived in Green Bay. Her two children are Elizabeth Tyler, who married Charles Simpson of Georgia, and John Bernard, who married Phyllis Rieke and whose children are John Bernard 3rd, and Barbara Dean.

James Howe Tyler, the youngest of my aunt's three sons, showed marked ability. Could he have lived and had good health, it was the belief of the family that he would have "gone far." He contracted tuberculosis and though he had the best medical advice obtainable, it was before modern methods of treatment for that dread disease were known, and he died—a fine, upstanding, able, delightful fellow, full of charm and wit. His death was a great sorrow to us all.

When Uncle Charles Tyler died, his wife was left with the care of her two young daughters, and it was arranged that Bird should live with us, at least until she was educated. This plan was carried out, but she died suddenly, of what is now known as appendicitis, about two years after her father. She was a beautiful girl, amiable and much liked; I have a vivid recollection of her passing—I was twelve years old, and it was the first time sorrow had meant anything to me, other than through simple disappointments.

The third child and second daughter of my grandparents, Priscilla Jackson, was the first wife of my father, James Henry Howe and died after seven years, leaving no children. She is described as a very beautiful girl, with, alas, one side of her face seriously disfigured by a birthmark. She was amiable, gentle and loving—adored by her family and friends. She was particularly sympathetic with her father; they were both real musicians, and sang together in the church choir.

When it became evident that she must die, she wished to be taken “up home” and it was a question of how to move her with the minimum of discomfort. Finally, a flat-boat was brought to the river’s edge, and in the early twilight she was carried on a cot through the streets of the town and placed upon the boat. Certain of her friends slowly poled the boat up the river, close in shore, until they reached the farm, and then tenderly carried her, still on her cot, up the steep winding road to her beloved old home.

She was buried on the farm, in the old-fashioned way that still obtains in rural New England—a little plot set aside, with stone pillars at the four corners, and heavy chains depending from them, to separate the plot from the rest of the farm. Many years later, when the farm was sold, her remains were removed to the cemetery. One of the vivid memories of my childhood is that lonely grave, with its small white marble shaft, that I used to tiptoe around, and once in a while, carry wild flowers to.

The youngest of my grandparents’ children was Charles Arndt. He married Alline Kennedy, who was of Irish birth and had been brought up in the Roman Catholic Church. They had four children, Elizabeth, John Rossiter, Kennedy and Priscilla. My uncle’s first marriage was broken by divorce, so that in marrying him his second wife had to give up her church, which she

did very bravely, but after events proved that her heart was always with the church of her youth.

The two little boys of this family, John Rossiter and Kennedy, met with tragic deaths. A sudden cold snap had covered the river with a thin coating of ice, and naturally the two little fellows were impatient and eager for skating, so early one morning, too early to ask permission, they slipped out of the house with their skates and went to the river. The ice broke and they were both drowned—an unspeakable tragedy to their parents. The mother, poor soul, knew it to have been a direct punishment to her for having given up her church, so she returned to it with all the enthusiasm of a convert, and brought up her two daughters in that faith.

It was a trial to her husband and he emphatically refused to go through the marriage service with her again, according to the rites of the Catholic Church. In language more forceful than elegant he said he'd be damned if he would call into question the legitimacy of his children. However, it made no trouble between them and he was always hospitable to the priests who made frequent visits to his house—though I have been told that many were the theological discussions between them.

When the Civil War broke out, he insisted upon leaving school, and volunteered as a private. He was refused, as being too young, so he went to his mother for advice. She herself took him to a recruiting officer, and he was accepted. She at the same time volunteered as a nurse, served for a year in hospitals on the field, and returned home very reluctantly because of the illness of her husband.

She has told me of many of her war experiences, now become so nebulous in my mind as not to be recordable. Her work was more with fever patients than with the

wounded and she became very skillful in the care of typhoid; a natural nurse anyway, she had had much experience before she joined the army, as she had always been ready to go to the rescue of the sick and disabled.

This uncle was a pleasant, kindly man, with very little education and no special ambition—he was naturally mechanical, so he learned to be a locomotive engineer, on the Chicago and North Western Railway. He didn't get very far, to be sure, but he supported his family in respectable circumstances, all the days of his life, and many people have done much less. He died in Chicago, when he was well over seventy years of age, and lies buried in the family lot in Green Bay.

My dear mother, Mary Gordon, was the fourth child and third daughter of her parents. She married my father, James Henry Howe, on the 17th of January, 1857, and four children were born to them—James Torrey, 1858, Elizabeth Tyler, 1861, Richard Flint, 1863, and William Torrey, 1865.

It is quite beyond my power to give to my children an adequate idea of my mother, her beauty of person or of character. She was nut-brown in coloring, she had soft red-brown hair and beautiful, kind hazel eyes, lighted by the most tender, gentle, and at the same time, cheerful expression. Her figure was of unusual beauty, being tall and graceful. She was "gay within" and laughed easily. She was executive to her finger-tips, but her outstanding quality was her beautiful kindness of spirit, expressing itself in a warmth of hospitality that is not often met with. She never gossiped; if there were nothing good to be said, she held her peace. She had wonderful insight into childhood and youth; perhaps she was more naturally sympathetic with boys, though when I say that, I am conscious only of the deepest sympathy and understanding between her and her

only daughter, who is myself. Her house was overrun by boys, her own three and all of their friends, but there were never too many there. On Saturday noons, when there was no school, her table was stretched the length of the dining room. Her hospitality showed her to be the legitimate granddaughter of her grandmother, and daughter of her mother.

She died September 10th, 1887, and lies buried in the family lot in the Kenosha Cemetery.

PART SECOND



NOW UNDERTAKE a sketch of my father's family and forebears and I am filled with deepest regret at the poverty of my knowledge. I record only what I can remember having been told, chiefly by my Aunt Grace Howe when I was quite young.

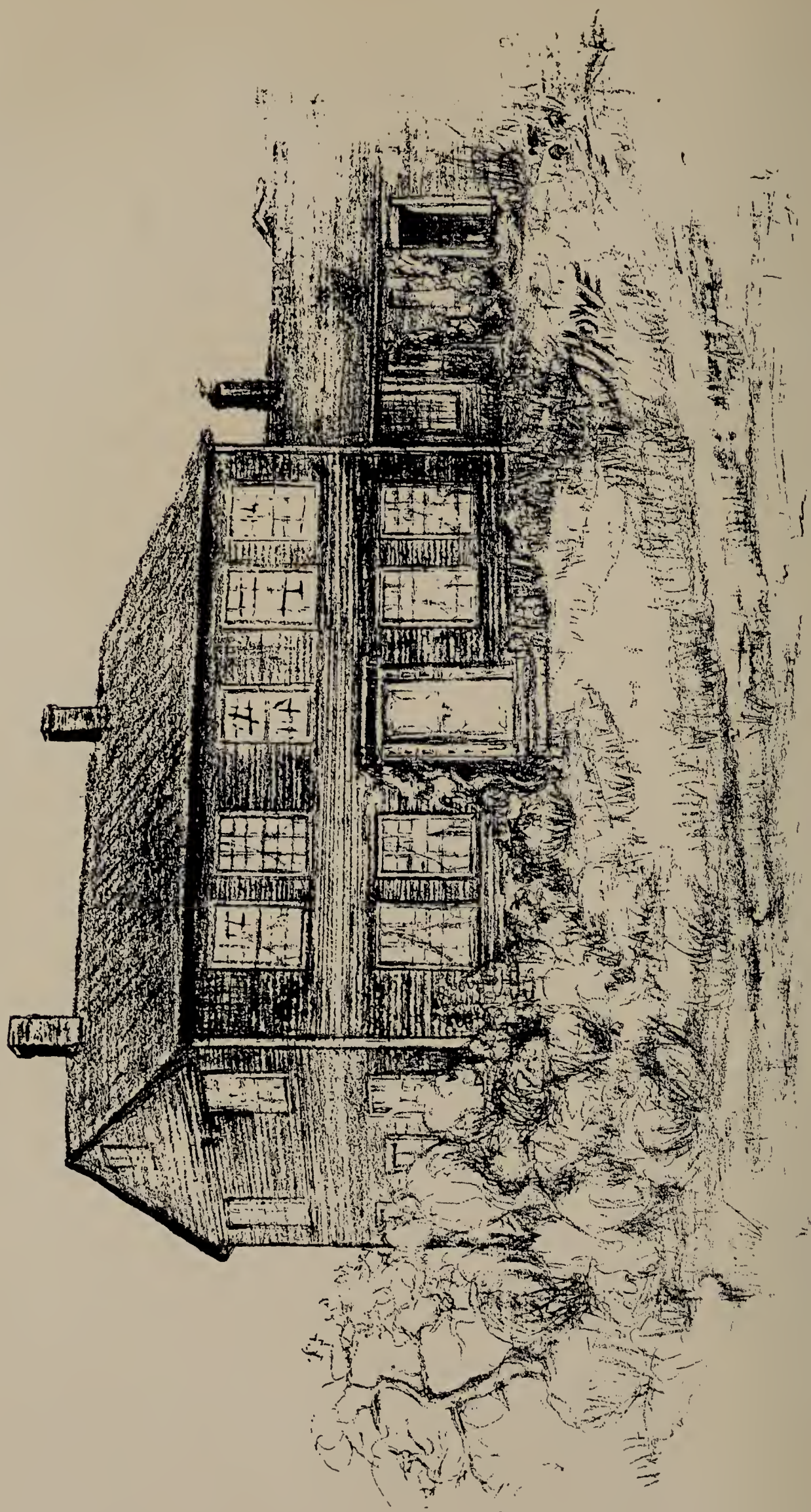
One of my father's great-grandfathers was Charles Turner, of Scituate, Massachusetts, a figure grown so dim to his descendants that only a few facts from his career can be recovered and recorded. He was graduated from Harvard College in 1752, was a minister of the gospel and a man of real achievement. He was a Senator, a member of the Convention that ratified the Constitution of the United States and of the College of Electors which elected John Adams to the Presidency. Though his home was in Massachusetts, he owned many acres of land in Androscoggin County, Maine, where he died in 1818, in the town of Turner, which was named for him. It was said of him "That as a Divine and Patriot he was conspicuous, and as a man, without reproach." Among his towns-people, he was known as "the venerable Charles." His youngest son was Col. William Turner, who served on Washington's staff and was a notable man. His daughter, Eunice, married James Torrey of Boston, a ship-owner, who was prominent in both the social and business world of his day. Among other properties, he owned a large tract of land in Turner, Maine, which came later to play a leading part in the lives of certain of his descendants.

The acquaintance of James Torrey and Eunice Turner, which led to their marriage, presumably began in Turner, as the distance between the homes of the two families was in that day so great as to have made their acquaintance otherwise improbable. Scituate and Boston were widely separated in the days of stage-coach and family carry-all, and the connecting highway must have been hardly more than a trail. Neither family seems to have lived permanently in Turner, but to have journeyed down there perhaps only for the summer months.

Much of our merchant shipping was destroyed by the French early in the 19th Century. Our government put in a claim to the French government for the losses sustained and a large sum of money was paid by it into the United States Treasury, in reparation. This was not paid to the actual losers for something like a hundred years, but finally it was done, though even then only partially, and the heirs of our great-grandfather, James Torrey, were reimbursed for his losses. With the sum thus inherited by my Aunt Grace Howe, she purchased a silver plate, which is now in my possession and which she had engraved in the following way: "The French, A. D. 1806, seized the schooner 'Thankful', owned by James Torrey, Esq., of Boston. His great-granddaughter, Grace Thaxter Howe, bought this plate in Paris, with money paid in partial payment by the United States Government in 1905."

Our great-grandfather Torrey was named for his father, James, and the name "James Torrey" has persisted in the family, being revived in each generation, and it finally reached my oldest brother.

Great-grandfather Torrey married Bethia Clapp of Chelsea, Massachusetts, while he was a student at Harvard, and as no married student was allowed there in



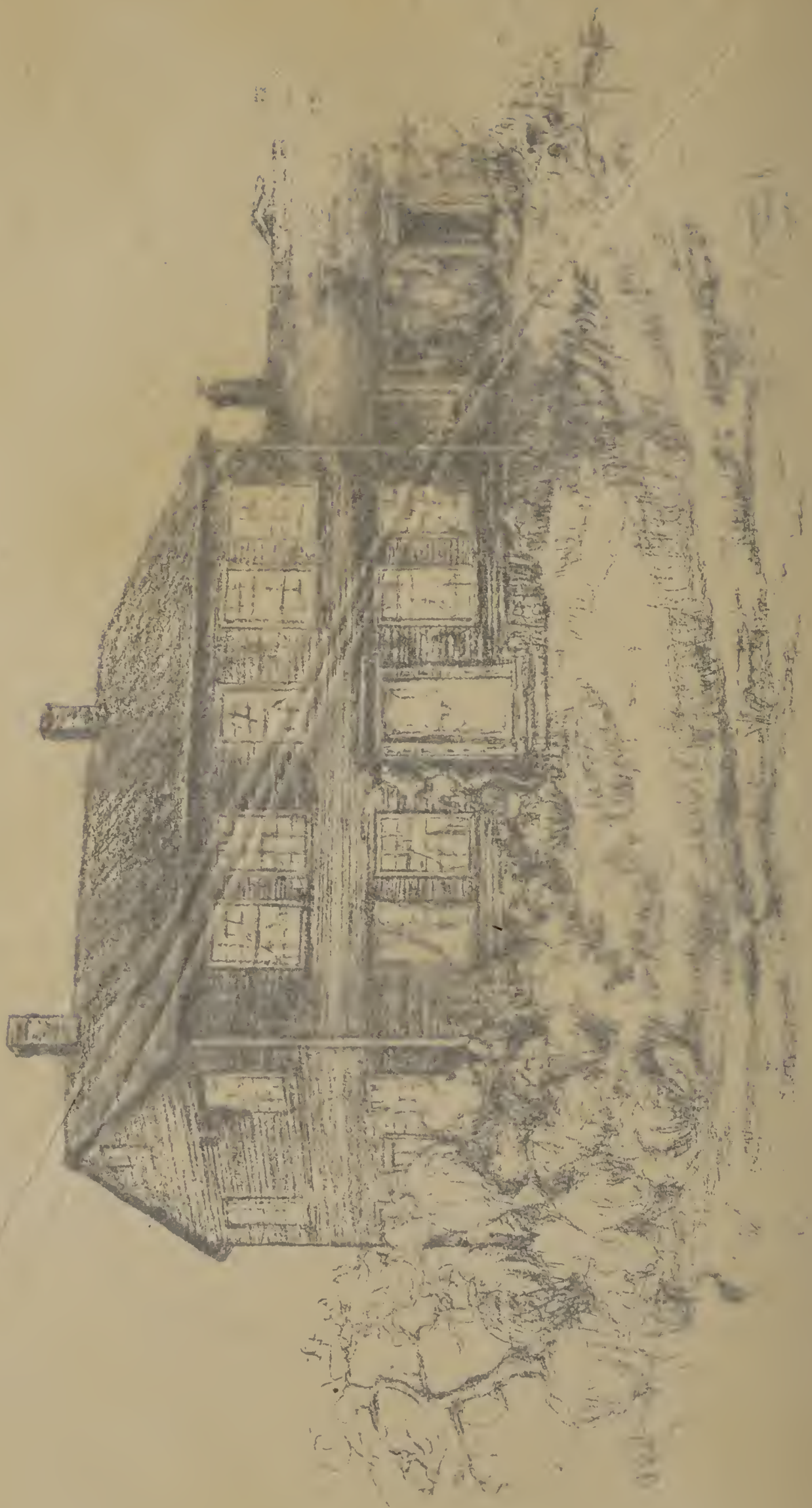
those days he had to give up his college course. This was a great disappointment to his family, who regarded his marriage with Bethia, the daughter of a carpenter, as quite unfortunate, not to say inadvisable.

So the young people were sent down to Turner, Maine, and there, in a fine house that was built for them, and which still stands, they lived out their married days and brought up their large family. Tradition has it that Bethia was very handsome. She was not just tall and of great force of character, tradition further has it that she was the "biggest girl of the town", dominating the people, including James, about to his advantage. We have been told that three times a large sum of money was bequeathed to James. They were paid to him in gold, and were spent coin by coin for the expenses of the family, an suggestion having been made, or at least followed, that it be invested. James did not inherit the business acumen that had made of his father a rich man, but he and his wife Bethia were good citizens, brought up their children carefully and well, and were always recognized as a part of the best element in their community.

Great-grandfather was very absent-minded and many amusing stories are told of him. One of them is of his going to Town Meeting with his son Charles. This was an all-day affair and it was arranged that if the old gentleman grew weary, he should take the horse and buggy and drive himself home and his son would come

"In August 1907, my daughter Mary (Mrs. J. W. Howe) and I made a "mental journey" to North Turner to find the old Turner homestead. We found a beautiful old house, well-preserved in a well-kept gray, standing upon "Turner Hill" and commanding a superb view of valley and hills. We found also the graves in the old cemetery, all in good condition. An elm tree near the station was the Turner lot and the Howe lot is shaded by a beautiful beech. The place was settled from 1812 onward.

We found that the old house homestead and the old church, where great-grandfather sometimes preached, had both been torn down and replaced by modern structures, but the land of the town where they stood is still called "Howe's Corner".



*Home of James Torrey,
North Turner, Maine*

those days he had to give up his college course. This was a great disappointment to his family, who regarded his marriage with Bethia, the daughter of a carpenter, as quite unfortunate, not to say inadmissible.

So the young people were sent down to Turner, Maine, and there, in a fine house that was built for them, and which still stands, they lived out their allotted days and brought up their large family.* Tradition has it that Bethia was very handsome. She was six feet tall and of great force of character; tradition further has it that she was the "bigger man of the two", dominating the gentle, lovable James, albeit to his advantage. We have been told that three times large legacies were bequeathed to James. They were paid to him in gold, and were spent coin by coin for the expenses of the family, no suggestion having been made, or at least followed, that it be invested. James did not inherit the business acumen that had made of his father a rich man, but he and his wife Bethia were good citizens, brought up their children carefully and well, and were always recognized as a part of the best element in their community.

Great-grandfather was very absent-minded and many amusing stories are told of him. One of them is of his going to Town Meeting with his son Charles. This was an all-day affair and it was arranged that if the old gentleman grew weary, he should take the horse and buggy and drive himself home and his son would come

*In August 1931, my daughter Mary Gordon and I made a "sentimental journey" to North Turner to find the old Torrey homestead. We found a beautiful old house, weather-stained to a soft, velvety gray, standing upon "Torrey Hill" and commanding a superb view of valley and hills. We found also the graves in the old cemetery, all in good condition. An elm tree casts its shadow over the Torrey lot and the Howe lot is shaded by a beautiful larch. The stones bear dates from 1812 onward.

We found that the old Howe homestead and the old church, where great-grandfather sometimes preached, had both been torn down and replaced by modern structures, but the end of the town where they stood is still called "Howe's Corner".

later with one of the neighbors. He did this, and on his arrival home, put the horse into the barn and went into the house to rest. When his son returned somewhat later, he said, "Father, why did you drive Mr. So-and-So's horse home instead of our own?"

"Did I do that? I wondered what had become of his tail."

I was a little girl when this great-grandfather died, but I remember clearly my father's distress and his saying that he had not done all that he might have for his old grandfather, who had been so good to him when he was a little boy. He probably had done all and more, for my father did not neglect many duties or opportunities.

Ten children were born to James and Bethia Torrey but of only five have I any knowledge—probably the others died in childhood. Mary H., the first-born, was my grandmother; the others were William Henry, Charles Augustus, Eunice and Sally. These children were wonderfully gifted musically and four of them were the choir in the church for years. My grandmother had a high, flexible soprano voice, Aunt Eunice a contralto, Uncle Charles a tenor, and Uncle Henry a bass voice. It has always been said in the family that my grandmother and Uncle Charles had voices that might have made them famous, could they have had the chance of a musical education; as it was, they lived on farms in Maine and were heard only by their country neighbors and their family. My grandmother's voice made her indispensable at parties, where she always sang for the others to dance, and I have heard my father say that Uncle Charles was one of the world's great tenors, equalling such famous singers as Campanini and Caruso.

I turn now to the other grandparents of my father, my great-grandfather Dr. Timothy Howe and his wife, Betsy Howard. He was born in Vermont, but went early

to Turner, Maine, where he lived and died. He was a man of parts, and of great consequence in his time and place. He was a physician who was called far and wide to minister to the sick. He wrote medical books, and as were most men of high education at that time, he was no mean theologian and was often called upon to preach in the village church, if the minister were called away.

He was a deep thinker and a philosopher, and his wife was also highly intellectual—both were unusually gifted conversationalists, a gift which descended full blown upon my father and aunt.

This interesting story is told: The religious world, especially of New England, was at this time deeply stirred by the Unitarian movement, led by Dr. Channing of Boston. Thinkers were beginning to question certain of the fundamentals of the old Evangelical beliefs, often under cover of silence, fearful of where they would be led, and it appears that these great-grandparents were among the number. One winter night, sitting by candle-light before their fire, each reading, my great-grandmother suddenly put down her Bible and said, “Timothy, if the Bible is true, Universal Salvation is true!” feeling painfully sure that she had “fired a broadside.” He quietly replied, “I have thought so for a long time, but have hesitated to say so, for fear of unsettling you and making you unhappy.”

They sat up all night, talking over the situation in which they found themselves. They finally concluded that they would remain within the church and say nothing, because of their children, but that Dr. Howe would never preach again, of course. It was a strange conclusion to arrive at: conscientious, thoughtful parents, giving to their children the best light they had on all subjects, except the most important one of all, religion.

It happened that the very next Sunday the minister

was called away, and he asked Dr. Howe, as usual, to preach for him. It was explained to him that it would be impossible, that Dr. Howe did not mean ever to preach again. The bewildered minister urged it and it was finally agreed that there should be lay-readings from the Scriptures. Dr. Howe could not refuse to do that, but quite unconsciously he read with such emphasis that his new position was revealed at once. A meeting of the Church was called and Dr. Howe and his wife were summarily read out of the Church, just ten days after they had decided to remain within it.

From that time on, the religion of the family has been Unitarian.

Timothy and Betsy Howe had five children: Timothy Otis, Mary Turner, Addison, who was my grandfather, Zadoc Howard and Lucy.

They were neighbors of my great-grandfather Torrey, and it finally came about that a double marriage united the two families. Mary Torrey married Addison Howe, and became our grandparents, and Mary Howe became the wife of William Henry Torrey, and were the parents of Persis Torrey Bradford and the grandparents of our brother-cousin, Chester Torrey Bradford.

Of these children, Timothy Otis had a broad and important career. He was a lawyer, and in 1846 he moved with his wife, Lyndia Haynes, and their two children, Mary and Frank Howard, to Green Bay, Wisconsin, where he opened a law office. Green Bay was selected because his brother-in-law lived there, and there seemed to be an opening for a young lawyer who had his own way to make. The journey was discussed seriously with the family, and it was decided that he spend three weeks in making it, as it was extremely unlikely that he would

ever make it again and it was desirable that he see as much of the country as possible in transit.

Such separations were very common in those days, and were usually regarded as permanent. One can but think of the pain and sorrow they caused!

He was extremely able and, in a short time, gained the confidence of his fellow-townsmen. He was made judge and sat on the bench until he was sent to the United States Senate, where he remained for eighteen years, his three terms covering the period of the Civil War. He achieved a wide reputation, and did many important things, but he himself was greater than anything he ever did. He was singularly handsome in person, had a great social gift and was infinitely witty; his integrity was unimpeachable and his ability of the first rank. He is still loyally and proudly remembered in Green Bay and honored by a generation to whom he is only a name. The Howe Post of the G. A. R. and the Howe School show that the people still have pride in his public career, and in the distinction he brought to their town and State.

He was a statesman of the highest type and during his three terms in the Senate he filled many important positions and served on many of the leading committees. He spoke with telling effect when the occasion arose, though he was in no sense an orator. He was a conservative, his judgment was well-considered and calm, and he was always on the sane, practical side of public questions.

He was offered more preferment than he could accept. President Grant offered him the mission to the Court of St. James, but as he was not a rich man he could not accept it, as he knew he could not support the Embassy with the dignity and elegance becoming the Ambassador from the United States.

But the great sacrifice he made was when he felt obliged to decline the appointment to the Chief Justiceship of the Supreme Court of the United States. Wisconsin was normally Republican, but just at this time, because of some local issue, it had gone Democratic, and if he resigned his seat to accept this great appointment, a Democrat would have been sent to the Senate in his place. He felt there were very important issues before Congress at that time, and that his duty was to his State and to his party.

The Chief Justiceship is the highest position to which a lawyer can aspire, and it is a question whether the great sacrifice he made was worth while—at any rate, he made it. In 1880, he was appointed a delegate to an important monetary conference held in Paris, together with Senator Evarts of New York and Senator Thurman of Ohio. His niece, my Aunt Grace Howe, joined him there. He took my brother James as his secretary, and they all three greatly enjoyed the opportunity and experience.

When he retired from public life, he opened his house in Green Bay, bought a farm on the edge of the town and meant to interest himself in agriculture, but he was soon called into public service again, as Postmaster General in President Arthur's Cabinet. He did not live out his term of office, but coming West on a matter of business, contracted pneumonia and died at my father's house in Kenosha. He lies in his family lot, in the Green Bay Cemetery.

The death of a public servant used to be the occasion of the most ostentatious mourning. At the time of Uncle's death, for a few days every important newspaper was bordered with a deep band of black, every post office in the country flew its flag at half-mast for thirty days, the Post Office Department Building in

Washington was heavily draped with black for a month, and the flags on every public building were placed at half-mast—all of which seems strange to us now, but which we then took as only the ordinary marks of respect.

Our uncle's influence was enormous upon the younger members of his family; he followed their lives closely and was always full of understanding sympathy with all of their undertakings.

His relations with my Aunt Grace were peculiarly harmonious and intimate. I think it was a relationship quite unique between an uncle and niece. Not only on the heart side, but intellectually, they were in complete accord—politics, affairs, books, society, interested them both in the same way.

He also must have had great influence on my father, who was twelve years his junior, in helping him to shape his career and in holding up before him the highest standards. My father also became a lawyer, but was never in his uncle's office, for the reason that they were both retained in almost every case of importance, one on one side and one on the other. Their professional controversies never entered into their personal relationship; they were the most devoted friends, quite apart from their close kinship.

My Aunt Grace preserved his letters to her, and inasmuch as they were in constant correspondence for a long series of years, she accumulated a mass of material which, I have no doubt, is of historical importance. These letters are now in the possession of my brother Richard.

There has also been preserved a letter which he wrote in 1846 to his sister Mary, upon hearing of the extreme illness of their father. I quote it in full, as it shows the tender, religious side of his noble character, as no words of mine could do it:

“My dear Sister Mary—

“Your letter to James bringing the news of our father’s severe and dangerous illness, is just received, and read with what emotions you can judge. To repeat to you the common expressions of grief and sympathy; to tell you how deeply I regret not having gone to Maine on my last trip East; or even to assure you of the great comfort it would be to me to be with you now, to aid you in making his last days comfortable—all this I feel to be vain and useless, you know it all.

“But there is one thing you may not know, that not a night passes over my head, that I do not, on my bended knees, beseech God in behalf of you all.

“But for my father, I pray that the remainder of his life may not be left to wither and shrivel up into death, but that the benign Rays of the Sun of Righteousness may so shine upon him, and the Heavenly harmonies so fill him, even here, that he may continue to grow and bud until at last he shall willingly blossom out into the fullness of immortality.

“For the rest of you, I only ask perfect submission to the Divine Will. Only for mother, poor, loved, tried mother do I tremble. I am afraid at first she will hardly know how to go along without him, who has so long walked with her.

“Tell her to look up, that it is not half as far to Heaven as it is to Wisconsin. That when her husband is no longer left to her, an embodied fact, to gather up the tender memories, the sweet charities, the loving kindness, which all the world about her will be glad to show, but which she may not care to heed. Tell her, I say, to gather them all up with great diligence and gratitude, and bethink herself that he scattered them there—and when she most misses an old and familiar voice, to hush and listen, and she will recognize in the silence that will ensue, a voice, so tender and true, that she will scarcely note a difference.

“If my father still lives, I have one message for him. Tell him I know I have all the faults common to

Humanity, but I have, thanks to him and God, some of the better impulses, also, and that I have hitherto endeavored, and will hereafter strive, to prove that he has not lived in vain. Tell him to take this pledge with him, and when I come, I will strive to be prepared to redeem it.

“With much love,

“T. O. Howe.”

Uncle's children never lived in Green Bay after their childhood. Mary, his only daughter, married Enoch Totten, an eminent lawyer in Washington, D. C., and lived there ever after her marriage. She had four children: Alice, who died when she was about fourteen years old, Howe, Edith and Gerald.

Enoch Totten had a brilliant professional career, and also served with distinction in the Civil War. He lost the first finger of his right hand in one of the battles of the Wilderness, and I remember, as a child, that his poor, maimed hand had great interest for me. He was one of the few volunteer officers whom I have met who was willing to talk of his war experiences, and I used occasionally to have the opportunity of listening to him, always with bated breath. He had a keen sense of humor and was extremely witty, an altogether delightful person, to whom my father was warmly attached. He was mustered out of the service with the rank of Major, and so we always called him, in the family. He said that promotion was much more rapid out of the army than in it. He came to be commonly known as Col. Totten, and an increasing number of people addressed him as Gen. Totten, which greatly amused him.

Frank Howard, the only son of our uncle, married Ella Ray, the reigning belle of Washington in her day,

and died leaving one son, Frank Ray, who lives in New York.

I know very little about my father's father, Addison Howe. He seems to have had no settled business, and his family had always to live in narrow circumstances. He lived a good deal with his own father, and with his wife's, and for some years he lived with his own immediate family, in Biddeford, Maine. Unfortunately, he had seasons of intemperance, enough to interfere with a successful business career. He had a pleasant disposition, an excellent mind, read good books, and it was said of him that he knew a good horse if ever anyone did.

His wife, my grandmother Howe, I remember only as a gentle old lady. My aunt has told me that her nature was lyrical; she was an exquisite singer, was fond of poetry and of everything that was fine and choice. She was gentle to a degree, and many were the stories told of her lack of discipline of her children. Once when my father was a little boy and he had seriously misbehaved, she threatened to whip him. That would have been a novel experience, so he brought a switch in from the yard, to be used for the purpose. When she saw it, she said "James Howe, do go away." That was the nearest approach to a punishment he ever had.

My aunt told me many times that she never once obeyed her mother; that it never crossed her mind to do what her mother told her to, unless it happened to be something she herself wished to do. Her children came out remarkably well, 'way above the average, as I think, so perhaps family discipline is not so important, after all. It may be that her gentleness and ineffectiveness did not create the atmosphere best suited to her husband; however, nobody knows that, and they must both have suffered from the situation. I never heard a word of criticism of their father from either

my aunt or my father, nor did I ever hear much of anything else. His two children took care of him and his wife in their old age, and made no complaint.

They had three children, widely apart in age, James Henry, who was my dear father, Julia, who died when she was nineteen years old, and Grace Thaxter, of whom constant mention is made in this chronicle.

The children of my father's uncle and aunt, Henry and Mary Torrey, were Roscoe, William, Persis, Ellen, James and Julia; those who touched our lives closely were Roscoe, Persis and Julia. There was real tragedy in the fact that, while the father and mother lived to old age, all but one of the children died of tuberculosis before reaching early middle life. The son William was killed in the Civil War, and I quote in full an account of him, which was found among my Aunt Grace Howe's papers:

“William Henry Torrey was born February 20th, 1834, at Turner, Maine. His father was a farmer, his family the best type of rural New Englanders, people who read the best books, kept abreast of the thought of their time, were Republican in politics, following Horace Greeley, who by means of *The New York Tribune*, led the best sentiment of the country. In religion, they were Unitarian, with a strong admixture of Puritanism, liberal in thought and deeply religious in spirit. The whole atmosphere of the house was one of plain living and high thinking.

“He was the second son in a family of six, received a substantial common school education, nothing more.

“When he was eighteen, he had his father's consent to go West in search of a business career, went to Green Bay, Wisconsin, because his uncle, Timothy O. Howe, afterwards United States Senator from that State, was living there. For some four or five years he was engaged in the lumber business, spending two springs in surveying and locating pine-lands. He was

very vigorous, six feet two inches tall, and more than once, after doing a day's work in surveying, walked sixty miles to enter his lands. Finally, in 1859, he decided to go to the Pacific coast, and when the Civil War broke out was doing a very profitable business furnishing supplies to the mines in the Fraser River Country.

“He came down to the Coast on business early in July, 1861, learned that Fort Sumpter had been fired on, and that the President had called for volunteers.*

“He sold his business the same day and started for San Francisco, having telegraphed his uncle that he was en route to join the Army. He had meant to return by water, but decided to come overland, as it took less time, and was three weeks in a stage-coach, traveling day and night. In the meantime, Mr. Howe (his uncle), feeling sure he had in him the necessary soldierly qualities, had asked the Governor of Wisconsin for a commission for him, and he was at once given a Lieutenant's commission in an Infantry Regiment then forming. The next news of him was from St. Louis, to the effect that he had at once, upon his arrival, gone to Headquarters and enlisted as a private—August 23rd, 1861—in Merrill's Horse, instead of going right through to Wisconsin.

“Mr. Howe wrote him of the commission that was awaiting him. He replied that he knew nothing of military affairs, and preferred to be a private. The rest of that summer and autumn was spent in southwestern Missouri. He was made sergeant within a week and was in command of the company before a month had gone by, in consequence of illness among the officers. Some time in the late autumn, he wrote his Uncle that he would like a commission if he could get it, as he thought he knew as much as the rest. An application to the Governor brought a Lieutenant-Colonel's commission in an Infantry Regiment, which

*I add, from family tradition, that he learned this from part of a three-months old newspaper, which he had succeeded in buying for twenty-five cents.

was forwarded to him. Time passed and no reply was received from him; the Governor became impatient, as the Regiment was in camp, and he was much needed to assist in the drilling.

“His cousin, James H. Howe, afterwards Colonel of the 32nd Wisconsin Infantry, and at that time Attorney General of the State, offered to go in search of him.

“He went to St. Louis, found out as much as he could of the whereabouts of the Regiment, and took a Western-bound train in search of it. On the second day out, when the train drew in to a station where it met an East-bound train, he stepped to the platform for a bit of exercise, and found himself face to face with the man he was looking for.

“Mr. Torrey, a few days before, had captured a Rebel mail-bag, inside of which was a Union mail-bag containing, among much else, his own commission, and he then was on his way to accept it and report for duty to the Governor of Wisconsin. He was discharged from service in St. Louis, December 8th, 1861, and re-enlisted in Wisconsin, January 26th, 1862. He so much preferred the cavalry service that when he reached Madison he persuaded the Governor to change his commission, and he was made Major of the 1st Wisconsin Cavalry. The Regiment was encamped in Kenosha, and he joined it at once. He was not in good health; the bad water in Missouri had induced certain digestive troubles from which he never wholly recovered, and also his lungs were slightly touched. However, his energy and will-power were inexhaustible and he never surrendered to weakness. In one of his letters, he wrote of the kind of men he lived among on the Pacific coast. They would laugh at hardships that would kill these boys—he was exactly that type himself.

“Of his active service we know but little, in detail; the testimony was universal from his brother officers that he was able and resourceful. He was unusually executive in every phase of life, was a strict

disciplinarian, and when the Regiment first went on to the field some of his subordinates felt that he was needlessly severe, but experience taught them that he was right, and they were glad to bear testimony to the fact. At the time of his death, he was commanding the 2nd Cavalry Brigade, under Major General Edward McCook.

“Some time previous to that he had been promoted to a Lieutenant-Colonelcy. In the summer of 1864, he was granted a short leave of absence and went to Maine to visit his parents; shortly after his return to the front, he started on the expedition that ended fatally for him.

“The Division under General McCook was ordered to make a raid from General Sherman’s right, to the rear of Atlanta, to cut the Atlanta and Montgomery railroad, also the Atlanta and Macon, and form a junction with General Stoneman, who had started from General Sherman’s left for the same purpose. They were to form a junction, if possible, if not, to get out the best way they could. They started July 27th, and the march was a difficult one. Colonel Torrey had been on horseback for two days and two nights, when in an attempt to cut a way through the rebel force, he was shot through the lungs and taken prisoner. He died on August 2nd, having been wounded on July 30th. There was with him, at the time of his death, Dr. H. T. Persons, surgeon of the Regiment, and also a private, Sylvester G. H. Crocker, who gave himself up a prisoner that he might be with Colonel Torrey and take care of him—he had been his orderly. Crocker’s horse was exhausted, and Dr. Persons offered him his own, and told him there was time for him to get through to the Union lines, if he would start at once, but he refused to go, saying, ‘No, you can fix it so the Rebs will let me stay with you, so I can take care of Colonel Torrey.’ Dr. Persons told him it was a choice between a rebel prison and the Union lines, and he chose the former.

“His term of service had expired, and he would

have been mustered out within a few days, instead of which he was thrown into Andersonville. Fortunately, he lived through it and was released. If he was not a hero, then the world does not hold one. Dr. Persons reached Colonel Torrey just in time to receive his dying words.

“He smiled and said, ‘I knew you would come. Tell my people that I die happy, and wish to be buried where I fell. Tell the Regiment ‘God bless them, they are the best men I ever knew.’” So he died, untimely. He was thirty years old, and as one of his brother officers said, ‘A nobler, better, braver man never lived.’ He was intolerant of dishonesty and there was no place in his world for a liar, he was impatient with all forms of incapacity, he was quick to see and swift to execute and full of resources. He had a fine dignity that was only equalled by his modesty. He was essentially of the kind who achieve ‘Honor, but not Honors.’”

As has of course been noticed, constant mention is made in this chronicle of my Aunt Grace Howe; I believe her to have had as many elements of greatness as any woman I have ever known, perhaps more. The outward events of her life were not striking, but her inner life was essentially important—conditions that were certainly not out of the ordinary and which would have developed most women into merely good housewives, made of her an outstanding personality, interesting and stimulating to everyone who knew her.

Actuated by principle, led into kindly and generous ways by a warm sympathetic heart, illuminated by a brilliant mind and a glowing spirit, she went her way, helping, cheering, uplifting every life she touched. Perhaps the most usual comment made upon her was her many-sidedness—one person saw and emphasized her intellectuality, another her generosity of judgment and kindliness, another her deep affections, and still another

her perfect equipment for the world of society. Her tastes were imperative, compelling choice and lovely surroundings. She was pre-eminently a woman of the world, without an unworthy worldly thought—she filled her position in life with dignity and graciousness, with charm, elegance and sweet benignity. She never married, and yet she had the opportunities and discipline that usually fall to the lot of mothers; she was second only to our parents in guiding and influencing us as we were growing up. She worked for us, sewed for us, taught us, cared for us when we were sick, read to us and played with us—indeed made our development and welfare as important to herself as if we had been her own children. Then there came to her also the responsibility for the bringing up of two other children, Chester Bradford, the son of her cousin, and much later in her life she became the devoted foster-mother of Deering, the young son of my brother Richard, after the death of his beautiful wife.

She was “Aunt Grace” to a host of youngsters. Our friend Charles Ames once said to her: “Aunt Grace, you bear much the relation to the American public that Uncle Sam does.”

She was highly intellectual, had a quick and delightful sense of humor, read the best books, interested herself in all public questions, and yet was essentially feminine and a home-maker, hospitable to family and friends and, indeed, to “the stranger within her gates”. She was an ardent Unitarian, giving much of her time and strength to the interests of her church, and an inflexible Republican.

To the end of her life, she concerned herself with the deeper problems of living, questions of spiritual significance and public expediency. Two days before she passed, as she lay among her pillows with the lassitude

of death upon her features, she turned to my brother Richard, who sat at her side, and said, "What do you think of the situation of the Democratic Party?" And as he quietly and clearly stated his opinion to her, the look of interest revived in her dear, intelligent face. I shall never forget the scene, the indestructibility of the human mind was so convincingly displayed.

After her death, her beloved and honored pastor, Mr. Sullivan, of All Souls Church, New York, wrote me the following letter, which I quote practically in full:

"Mt. Gretna, Penn., Sept. 2nd, 1920.

"My dear Mrs. Volkmann:

"Your letter reached me here: the news that you send I had already heard, but it was a solemn sort of satisfaction to hear the details which you so kindly give of the final hours of that beautiful mortal journey. Grace Howe, I can truly say, I revered. So exquisite was her soul, so shining with modest nobleness, so gently expressed outwardly in the finest word and manner, that I came to regard her as that one among our company at All Souls who perhaps best revealed the type of spirit to which our reserved Unitarian faith would attribute the quality of saintliness. She was beautiful in our eyes and we gave her our silent homage. I can well believe that she crossed the threshold with no fear. None but the highest and fairest spirits could have met her and attended her transit into Life.

"Deeply and sorely we shall miss her; a lamp has gone out that shone upon our altar; a loving benediction has taken its departure from us. But she has done what only the noble-hearted are able to do—she has left us better for having passed by.

"Mrs. Sullivan and I have lost in her not only a parishioner but a friend. No happier hours have we known in New York than those spent with her on quiet evenings that we shall not forget forever. By her

death are we saddened as few deaths have saddened us. But once more, thank God that we have known her! * * *

“Sincerely yours,

“William L. Sullivan.”

In my own childhood, I loved to have her tell me of hers. I asked her endless questions, and I think she liked to live over in retrospect her early years. That part of her life is as real and vivid to me and to my brothers as if we had actually taken part in it, instead of listening to her oft-repeated stories.

Her school work came easily to her, and she must have been a delight to her teachers, with a mind eager, quick and retentive. When she was seven years old, she studied “Watts on the Mind”—probably what in my own school days was called “Moral Philosophy” and is now known as “Psychology”. She could learn the lessons word perfect with entire ease, but did not understand it at all. I suppose Mr. Watts didn’t set out to exploit the minds of young children, but he succeeded in doing it.

The most important event of those days was her coming under the influence and tuition of Mr. Leavitt, the principal of the Biddeford Grammar School, who she always said was one of the great teachers. He was the hero of her school days, and she always said that all she ever learned in school he taught her.

The inflexibility of the old educational system must have borne heavily upon quick, imaginative children, where the “three R’s” were the *sine qua non*, and what we now know as “extra curriculum” work had never been thought of. But Mr. Leavitt was a modern teacher. He often taught the school as a whole, taking any sub-

ject of importance that suggested itself—scientific discovery, ethics, art, literature, anything, everything. She told this story: Mr. Leavitt met a member of the School Board on the street and was told by him that the next day he would be at the school to examine the children in some subject—she had forgotten what. It was something that Mr. Leavitt had never taught them, and perhaps should have. He came to my grandfather's home that evening, ostensibly to make a call, but he introduced into the conversation the subject of the next day's examination, and talked at length about it. My Aunt sat in a corner of the room, paying no attention to what was said. The next day, at the appointed hour, the man came and put his questions to the school. No answers were forthcoming. My aunt became conscious of Mr. Leavitt's eyes fastened upon her expectantly. She suddenly realized what was expected of her, rose to her feet, pulled out of her memory what Mr. Leavitt had told them the night before, and redeemed the school from complete failure.

When she was fifteen years old, she joined her brother in Green Bay. It was a long journey in those days, occupying the best part of two weeks. She went by train to Buffalo, and from there by boat the rest of the way. She carried in her hand the little old portrait of my father, painted when he was three years old, and now in the possession of my brother Richard. She was in extremely delicate health, and much was hoped for from the change of climate. After a year of wearisome effort to establish her health, she determined to teach school, and began a feverish review of her school books in order to be prepared for the necessary examinations. My father arranged with the Superintendent of Schools that the examination should be held in her own home, and at the appointed time he appeared. He

looked at her severely over his spectacles, and cleared his throat—"Aren't you rather young?"

"I am sixteen, sir."

"Have you ever read Hume's History of England?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I think you'll do."

She never forgot the revulsion of feeling when apprehension gave way to relief. In that time and place, it was considered an unfeminine and almost a revolutionary thing for a person who had been brought up a lady to teach school, but she had brought her New England standards with her, and my father had brought his, so together they braved public opinion.

She was finally made principal of the Grammar School, had three hundred pupils and one assistant. She always said she didn't teach them anything; that all of her strength and energy had to go in keeping order. There are those still living in Green Bay who think differently.

The school hours were from nine in the morning to four in the afternoon, with two short recesses and an hour off for dinner. She said she taught school all day and often danced all night, and thoroughly enjoyed life, though she was far from strong. One wonders that anyone lived through the exposure of the long, cold winters—it must have been a case of the survival of the fittest only. Houses were heated by open fires and stoves, which were burned only in the day-time in the rooms being used. Women's dresses were made with low-cut necks and short sleeves and in cold weather they wore over their shoulders, in the house, a kind of short unlined cape, made of the same material as the dress.

It is hard fully to realize the conditions of life in those days, especially on what was the frontier; not only was there no central heating of houses, the markets were

restricted beyond what we can realize. There were no fresh vegetables, except in summer, and never any fruit, except what was raised locally and was in season. Apples were the only fruit to be had in winter; there were flowers only when they could be raised out of doors—house plants could not live in unheated houses, and there were no green-houses. But if they had to get on without luxuries which are now commonplaces of every-day life, they did not miss them. I remember my aunt saying that when the first sewing-machines came to Green Bay, the women seriously considered what they were going to do with the leisure that would come when there were no long seams to be sewed by hand.

She lived with her father and mother in a small house I well remember, though it has long since been torn down, and for several years had the onus of their support as well as her own.

At one time during the Civil War, the officials, the teachers and all other town employees were paid no salaries for a year, and it bore heavily upon this young girl who was carrying so much responsibility. So many people were in the same situation that it did not occur to her to speak of it, even to her uncle, but when he returned from Washington and heard the condition of things, he told her he would pay her arrears of salary and deduct it from his taxes. How he could do that, I do not know, but he did. When she knew that this load was lifted, and she could pay the “butcher, baker and candle-stick maker” who had been trusting her for a year, she burst into tempestuous weeping. Her relief could not otherwise express itself.

When my parents went to Kenosha, Wisconsin, she and her mother joined them there, her father having died some years before, and from that time to practically the end of her life she was a member of our house-

hold. There were several changes in our place of residence; from Kenosha we went to St. Paul, Minnesota, then back to Kenosha, after the death of our father. After my marriage, she and my brother Richard lived in Chicago, and then later in New York.

My brother became an invalid, and after the death of his wife, she became the head of his household. For seven years they moved about from place to place, in search of suitable climates—they went from Asheville, North Carolina, to the Adirondacks and Colorado, and always, with incredible promptness, my aunt established a home where every comfort and luxury were provided for her beloved invalid. When he recovered his health, she took an apartment in New York City. In 1921, she became seriously ill. She made a supreme effort to get to Castine, Maine, where she had a simple country home, but lived only five weeks after she arrived. She died on the twenty-eighth of July, shortly after her eighty-second birthday.

Her mind never lost its vigor, nor her heart its affections. Her nephews all came to be with her at the end, which must have been the greatest happiness that life could still hold for her. We took her to Westbury, Long Island, where she wished to lie, as it is near the home of her beloved nephews, Richard and Deering. She was a great personality and was ever “about her master’s business”.

I wish I were able to write an adequate sketch of my father, that his grandchildren might really know this great and lovable man. He was brought up gently and lovingly, but had few of the luxuries of even that time. Even his schooling was sporadic; he taught a part of each year in order to prolong his school days and get more of an education. His family lived with his grandfather Torrey, in Turner, and he helped with the farm

work after he was big enough, though he was never over-worked.

This story he told: When he was ten years old, he drove a pair of horses with a wagonload of potatoes to Lewiston, and delivered them to the man who handled the produce of his grandfather's farm. The distance from Turner was eighteen miles, which was a day's journey, over those hills with a heavily loaded wagon. He arrived in the late afternoon, delivered his load, and, by himself, went to the Tavern where he was to spend the night. His grandfather had given him twenty-five cents, over and above his expenses, to spend as he wished, and he determined to go to the theatre. Somewhere around the hotel, he fell in with a man who sold him a ticket for the show, and in due time he presented himself at the theatre. The man at the door took his proffered ticket, looked at it sharply, and asked where he had got it. He explained that he had bought it of a man uptown. After a moment's hesitation, the ticket-taker said, "All right, you may go in." I have always had the warmest feeling for that unknown ticket man, who saw the point, and accepted a fraudulent ticket from the little country boy. It is hard to think of a greater depth of ignobility than that man touched, who could cheat a confiding little boy out of his precious twenty-five cents and his pleasure in going to the theatre. I suppose God will forgive him, but I never shall!

My grandparents moved to Biddeford from Turner in 1844, taking their two daughters, but my father did not go—the following year he went West, to Green Bay, to study law and "seek his fortune", and nine years later, his father, mother and sister Grace followed him, his sister Julia having died meantime.

My understanding is that he only studied law one year before he was admitted to the Bar, but during his

years of practice, he made of himself an excellent lawyer and achieved a legal reputation.

Life in Green Bay in those comparatively early days must have been very pleasant. It was an isolated community, well off from the high road of travel and the centres of population, so that the people were turned in upon themselves and each other for their pleasures and interests, and they made the best of it, so to speak. They worked hard and their circumstances were narrow; they must have had cares, anxieties and sorrows, but I heard only of the happy side of their lives. My father's practice extended more and more through the northern part of the State, and he took an active interest in civic affairs and politics. He followed our uncle into the newly formed Republican party, and I have heard much talk of the early political controversies that followed.

The party struggled hard for existence in its early days. There was very little money with which to carry on a campaign and I have been told how my mother and Aunt Grace more than once sat up all night to address campaign literature and get it ready for the mails, all to save expense.

They were all Republicans and Anti-Slavery, but not Abolitionists. My father made many political speeches, which, of course, extended his acquaintance and led subsequently to important changes in his life. This story was told: A certain nearby town had fourteen voters, all Democrats, and my father went there to make a political speech. The meeting was held in the dimly lighted school-house and apparently the whole town went to hear him. After the election, when the returns were in, it was discovered that the town had voted solidly Republican.

The leading man of the town had occasion soon after-

wards to go to Green Bay, where he was upbraided by the Democratic "boss", Charlie Robinson, an intimate friend of my father's.

"Well, you see, Jim Howe came out, and he converted 'em."

"But there was you, you didn't vote straight."

"Damn him, he converted me, too!"

My father joined several friends in buying the first pleasure yacht that was ever seen on those northern waters, and when I was a little girl the "Mary Howe" was still remembered and stories were told of the excursions and cruises they enjoyed in their intervals of leisure. He married Priscilla Jackson Cotton, who lived seven years, and later he married her sister, Mary Gordon, who was my dear mother, all of which I have recorded elsewhere.

In 1860, my father was elected Attorney General of the State, and went to Madison, the capital. My mother was with him there, more or less, but as the position was temporary they did not establish a home. When the Civil War broke out, he was eager to enlist, but our uncle persuaded him to finish his term of office, believing that in the excitement of the time he was needed at his post to lend a steadying hand. In 1862, he declined re-nomination and joined the colors. He was sent to Oshkosh for military training, where my grandfather Cotton drilled the "awkward squads." When the War broke out, my grandfather, being beyond military age and in delicate health, offered his services to the Governor, and was employed to drill the men and make them ready for active service. My father was appointed Colonel of the 32nd Wisconsin Infantry, and saw a good deal of active service; he took part first in the guerilla warfare in southern Missouri, later was at the siege of Vicksburg, and took part also in Sherman's March to the Sea. He

was never wounded, but had the heel of his boot shot off, and his horse killed under him.

He was in Mississippi when the Emancipation Proclamation was issued. Up to that time many negroes had left the South, but always as fugitives; after that, they were free to go, if they chose. A fine looking young mulatto, a Methodist preacher he was, waited upon my father one day to ask if some of his people might go out from the South with the Army. My father told him that anyone could go, but that he did not know when orders to move would come, and when they did, there would be no time to notify him or anyone else, so he must himself be on the lookout. The orders came, all was hurry and confusion, and when my father reached the rendezvous from which they were to start, he was bewildered with amazement at what he saw—20,000 colored people ready to follow the Army; men, women, children, old, young, sick and well, and wagon loads of picaninnies, scared into perfect silence. All were fed rations with the troops, and when they reached Northern soil, they drifted away in every direction.

He was appointed Provost-Marshal of Memphis, and was there all of one summer. My aunt has told me much of her experiences there, when she spent several weeks with her brother. An excellent house was commandeered for Headquarters for the commanding officer, and in spite of all the distress and anxiety, there were many delightful occasions.

My aunt spent every day and all day in the hospitals; she wrote endless letters for the sick and wounded, and did her best to relieve the homesickness of the boys and keep them cheerful. In Memphis at that time there lived an elderly gentleman and his wife, Hollanders, who were very strong in their Union sympathies, in consequence of which they were ostracized from Memphis

society. They showed the utmost hospitality to the Union officers, and befriended my mother and aunt when they were there with my father. My aunt told this story: One night they gave a dinner party; my aunt, aged eighteen, and the elderly hostess being the only ladies at a long table of officers. When the two ladies withdrew to the drawing-room and the gentlemen were left to their cigars and wine, the voice of "mine host" reached them frequently, with marked hilarity. When it had gone on for some time, the hostess turned to my aunt and said, "Do you know, my dear Miss Howe, I think if an elderly gentleman does take a little too much wine in his own house, that it isn't of the slightest consequence." My aunt entirely agreed with her.

At the close of the War, my father was made General Solicitor of the Chicago and North Western Railway Company, and he moved his family to Kenosha, Wisconsin, where he lived for twenty-five years, and about which I shall write later.

He held that position for several years, and then became General Manager of the Company. His health failed under the strain of that position, and he then began the struggle against nervous prostration which continued throughout his life and forced his abandonment of all active business for many years. He read enormously, rode horse-back and lived in the country, but he always kept his interest in affairs. As his health improved, he accepted an appointment to the Federal Bench, and became Judge of the Eastern District of Wisconsin. Court was held in Milwaukee, but he did not move his family there until he had tried out the work of the position, to see if his frail health were sufficient, so he was at home with his family only over Sundays, which was very unsatisfactory for us all. This curious coincidence occurred: as a young lawyer in Green Bay, his

very first case had been to defend an Indian who got into trouble of some kind when drunk. The Indian was acquitted, but never paid his lawyer. The first case that came before him, on the Bench was this same Indian, this time in serious trouble. When the case was finished and the Indian was being led from the Court room, he passed near my father, gave the regular Indian grunt, and said, "Don't be hard on me, Jim."

My father was able to keep this position for but one year, because of ill health, and his resignation was a great disappointment to us all.

Several years later, when his health was again partially restored, he accepted the position of General Counsel of the Omaha Railroad, which was a part of the North Western system, with offices in St. Paul, Minnesota. The fatal illness of my mother developed after he had accepted this position, and we were always thankful that he had so absorbing an occupation while under the shadow of this great sorrow. My mother died in the fall of 1887, and almost immediately afterward he and I went to St. Paul to live, my Aunt staying in Kenosha with my brothers.

There was much confusion regarding the titles of vast tracts of land through which the railroad ran, private ownership conflicting with the land grants made by the Government to the railroad when it was built. My father did yeoman's service in straightening it out—there were many adjustments and compromises to be made, as well as much litigation. He was sixty-five years old, and had not tried a case in court for twenty-five years, so it must have been to him a heavy nervous strain, but he made a great success of the work, and I am sure he had a great deal of satisfaction in it and had pleasure, also, in the social life of the five years he was in St. Paul. He was a member of the Minnesota Club and the

Town and Country Club, and played whist regularly with two groups of friends; one of them he called the "High Pressure Club" and the other the "Low Pressure", the names referring not to the quality of the whist, but to the amount of food served. He made very warm friends among a wide circle of men, and I remember that when he died, and was buried in Kenosha, a Pullman car filled with men from St. Paul made that journey, involving two nights in a sleeping car, to pay their last respects to him—and he had lived among them only five years, and was very much older than most of them. The power of a great personality was his! I have been told that in the Chicago Club he was very much admired and respected, indeed, that few men have ever been loved as he was, by men.

He was a regular attendant at the services of the Unitarian Church, and gave his best to its interests. The ministers he cared most for, both personally and professionally, were Henry Simmons and Samuel McChord Grothers. During the last months of his life, he read the profound philosophical works of Josiah Royce and made full abstracts of them, showing that the vigor of his mind was not impaired by the slow weakening of his body.

He was a remarkably good talker and made excellent speeches; also he read aloud superlatively well. He read Dickens aloud to his children, "Pickwick Papers" and "The Christmas Carol" especially, and to this day I never read these books that I do not hear his beautifully modulated voice, so expressive of pathos or fun, as the case might be. He was silent in his own family, for no reason but lack of nervous strength.

He was a most tender and loving husband and father, a devoted brother, a dependable, faithful and loyal

friend, an eminent lawyer, a disinterested judge, an able executive—a good man.

He died on January 4th, 1893, in Boston, where he had gone for medical care, and lies buried in his family lot in Kenosha.

I quote from a letter written to our friend, Mr. David P. Kimball of Boston, by Mr. Martin L. Sykes, one-time Vice-President of the Chicago and North Western Railway and for many years a friend and colleague of my father's:

“New York, Jan. 5th, 1893.

“Dear Mr. Kimball:

“I thank you for wiring me of the death of Col. Howe, though the news is sad enough and the event unexpected. I did not know where he was, even, and excepting bits of information gathered when I saw Mr. Hughitt, his condition was unknown.

“We have lost a fine character in Col. Howe, a noble, whole-souled, firm friend, a man of strong natural ability, but too modest with it; an old, tried comrade in the march of years, in company with a host of other worthies, present and past, in our Northwest and Omaha organized forces, and I suppose it inevitable, indeed I know it, that the Reaper will take all that remain, one of these days. * * *

“A good man has gone, peace and honor to the sleeper!

“Yours truly,

“M. L. Sykes,
“V.-P.”

PART THIRD



THE move of our family from Green Bay to Kenosha, which took place in 1865, was a turning point in our lives. Our parents had been married seven or eight years and there were four little children. James, the oldest, was six and a half years old, and Billy, the youngest, a babe in arms. We left behind us a large and intimate family group and became "strangers in a strange land."

But the old life remained very near to us for a good many years, and in thinking back I find my memories more vivid about Green Bay and our grandparents than about our new surroundings and playmates. Probably what we missed most was our grandfather Cotton's farm, and the freedom allowed us there.

On looking back at the farm, I can see that it was a beautiful place with large, fine trees, an exquisite view of the river, large orchards of apples, pears and cherries, fields of grain and hay, ample gardens and grape vines, hickory trees, current bushes and wild flowers. I remember once, when I was quite grown up, being one of a group to pick a bushel of cherries to fill an order which my grandmother had received. I had been taught that thirty-two quarts make a bushel, and we counted each quart that went into the big basket, as the job had become tedious. I also remember the sniff with which our bushel was received by my grandmother, and the many added quarts we had to put into her basket before her idea of a bushel was realized. A Cotton bushel held between forty and fifty quarts.

I remember the "bouncing bet" and sweet briar roses

in the front yard, and the ice-house buried in the side hill that sloped to the river, where all of us children were found who were not found under the cabbage leaves. The house was large, painted brown and of the southern type, with large pillars supporting the overhanging second story. It was not at all handsome in its finish, nor was there any way of heating it but by stoves and fireplaces, but the house must have been well built, for it is still in use after nearly a hundred years.

It was exceedingly pleasant and had an hospitable, home-like atmosphere. There were some good pieces of furniture, which my grandmother gave away out of the family, unfortunately, though I have one of a pair of handsome mahogany parlor tables, and a pair of solid brass andirons, which came from her mother.

My grandmother's own bedroom I remember as delightful; there was a window to the east, and one to the south, a warm rag carpet on the floor, a four-post bedstead, an excellent old bureau, a small square washstand, pretty, but entirely inadequate, a large couch in the corner beyond the stove, with plenty of pillows, several comfortable chairs, and a table under the east window, on which always stood a basket of apples. There was a small closet, which I always dreaded to pass, because of the punishments I occasionally received by being shut up therein.

In the back parlor there was a large open fire, but I think a stove was found to be more efficient in heating the large room in the cold Wisconsin winters, so it was boarded up. A tin-type picture which had been taken of me when I was very little was placed upon the mantle shelf, and it slipped down behind it and was lost forever.

I had called the picture "pretty me", and liked it very much. I do not now remember the picture, nor its disappearance, but I do remember making my long-suf-

fering grandmother tell me, over and over again, the story of the tragic loss of "pretty me." My grandfather's room was upstairs, flooded with morning sun and heated by an air-tight stove. After his farm work was done and he had made his daily trip to town, he spent his time largely in reading in his own room. He was a well educated man and a musician, but his taste in novels was highly colored. Perhaps it was because so many years of his life had been passed in frontier army posts that in later life he liked to feed his imagination with the blood-and-thunder experiences of the far west, which were issued in paper-covered volumes called Dime Novels, and much in vogue at that time. We children deemed it a great privilege to go to his room with him and play with a box full of small iron implements which he called the "fat people", but which I now know to have been odd sizes of bolts, accumulated through the years and kept for the children to play with—wonderful play-things, by the way.

He always drove his old horse and wagon to town every day, and always stopped at the doors of his daughters and left something for them—apples, berries, butter, a loaf of bread—always something; he stopped a few minutes for a visit and then went on to make his purchases or dispose of his produce. My grandmother always sat at the table in a large rocking-chair, and the table itself stood against the wall between the windows, unless it had to be drawn into the middle of the room to be opened up and made to accommodate more people.

Everyone, friends and strangers alike, found a welcome at her door. The house was so arranged that the driveway passed the kitchen door in approaching the gate, which admitted to the door-yard and front door, and very few were the people who took the trouble to go around—all tramped in through the large, light, clean

kitchen, on through the dining room with its bright rag carpet, across the front hall to the two large parlors and to my grandmother's large comfortable room beyond.

One day she sat nodding over her bedroom fire, when she was aroused by the entrance of two strangers, the new banker and his wife, lately come from Milwaukee to live in Green Bay. "Well, Auntie Cotton, as you have not come to call upon us, we have come to call upon you."

"If the Angel of the Lord came to this house," she replied, "he would come in through the kitchen, but I am very glad to see you."

My grandparents were a very important part of my early life; I was left in their care a great deal, after I was a year old, and many of my most enduring and tender memories cling about them. My dear grandfather hadn't an easy life; he worked on the farm beyond his strength, and one of my regrets is that I was never able, because of my youth and other circumstances, to make life easier for him.

When it became necessary for my father and mother to spend so much time in Madison, they took with them my older brother, but left me, as a baby, with my grandmother; then, when the Civil War broke out, and my father entered the Army, where he served for two years, much of the time my mother lived regularly with her parents on the farm. Indeed, she lived there most of the time after her marriage, and her first three children were born there.

I believe it was the over-indulgence of us children by our grandmother that finally drove my mother out of the home nest, into one of her own. I have been told that I was a "freaky" eater, and my grandmother insisted upon my having the things I liked—there was no spinach thrust upon children in those days and

in that house. I chose to eat honey with cream over it, and was, of course, made very ill. My grandmother has told me endlessly of those years, which are beyond my memory, and applying my judgment to her own story of the care that was given me, I am forced to the conclusion that it was more indulgent than wise. One day I frightened my grandmother nearly to death by having a convulsion (from eating honey and cream), and from that day she never left me. If she were called into town for any reason, she took me with her, were it day or night, storm or sunshine. My grandfather is known to have protested, but I was rolled up in a big, gray shawl, which I distinctly remember, and was secured somewhere safely in the wagon, and off we went.

One of the stories is of her going early in the morning into the kitchen to prepare breakfast. She took me with her, rolled in a warm blanket, and put me at the back of the big, clean kitchen table, in a corner formed by the wall of the room and the enormous dresser which served as a kitchen pantry. She was preparing griddle cakes, and I know now that none were ever so delicious. She had put the greaser for the griddle on the table, to have it at hand. Her batter was ready, the griddle hot, my grandfather in his place at the dining-room table. She reached for the greaser; not there! Much perplexed, she searched the kitchen for it, never thinking to look at the dainty baby she had left at the back of the table. When she did so, the piece of fat salt pork, blackened by contact with the griddle and most uninviting, was a fragment in the hands of the baby and she was covered with grease from tip to toe.

My nurse Adeline (called by me "Lingling") was largely occupied in the housework, as my grandmother preferred to keep her eye on me, personally, and her so-called cook waited upon her while she did the cooking

herself. When I was a little older, I preferred to have my grandmother go to bed when I did, and as she was quite willing, we retired together at my bedtime, and poor dear "Pa" never had an evening with his family, if I were there, but went to his own room and his reading when "Ma" and I went to bed, usually at seven o'clock or earlier.

We had quite a ritual. After undressing and bathing, we crawled into the high four-poster, repeated aloud together the Lord's Prayer and the Episcopal Creed, and sang two verses of "While Shepherds Watch Their Flocks by Night." I recall exactly how that singing sounded, and am sure there was more zeal than music in it.

I recall this, as an illustration of our grandmother's discipline when we were a good deal older: I was perhaps eight or nine years old and was visiting my "Auntie Tyler" in Green Bay. A group of little girls decided to walk up home and wade in the river from the beach in front of the Farm. The Hoskinson children, Hallie King, Cousin Dean and I, hot and hungry, arrived at the house and asked permission of my grandmother to leave our shoes and stockings there and go in wading in the river. "No, you can't go because you will get your skirts so wet." But how could we get our skirts wet, when we should hold them up so very carefully? "Well, if you do get wet, I shall put you each into one of my big night-gowns [I remember the threat of it] and put you each in a bed alone to stay until your clothes are dry."

Not alarmed in the least, we rushed across the front yard, past the ice-house, down the steep, wooded bank, across the road and into the river. Speedily we were so wet that after consultation we decided it was foolish to try and hold up our skirts at all, and I can remember

yet the lovely swish of them trailing behind us, as we walked up and down, up and down. Then came the question of facing the Powers at home; I don't recall any real alarm, but only a certain reluctance. When those bedraggled little girls arrived at the wood-shed door, my grandmother surveyed us, but said not a word. We were undressed and dried off, we were each wrapped about with something warm and comfortable and placed in chairs around the kitchen stove, while my grandmother made molasses candy for us and told us stories. Meantime, our dresses and petticoats were washed and ironed by Veronica, and we went home in quite as good condition as we came, if not better.

Not only did her own grandchildren invade her in this way, in season and out, but half the youngsters in Green Bay did the same thing. I am sorry for all children nowadays who have no real grandparents. I am now a grandmother myself, but alas! my grandchildren have no such grandmother as I had.

Of the helpers at the Farm, I remember but two, Veronica and Mary Ann Bread. "Lingling" I know only as a name. Mary Ann was a fat old squaw, a full-blooded Indian, the daughter and the wife of chiefs. She was very pretty, with smooth skin, not at all the wrinkled, wizened old creature of tradition.

She presided over the birth of every child born in the family, as far as I know, and felt that we all belonged to her in quite a definite sense. I remember loving her very much and finding her lap and arms very comfortable—but how fat she was; the wonder was, that she could hold any of us on her lap, but she did. She came to see my grandmother at frequent intervals all through her life, and I always looked forward to seeing her when our annual visits to Green Bay were made. She lived to be a very old woman, always among her own people,

in Duck Creek, the Indian Settlement on the edge of the town.

Veronica was a Belgian woman, and lived a great many years with my grandmother, in a domestic capacity. Her girl-hood was spent in Belgium, where she had always worked in the fields with her father and brothers; to help protect her from the damp and cold of the weather and the fatigue of work too much for her strength, she was given hard liquor in large measure and unfortunately the habit was fastened on her, and ever after she came to the farm, she had times of drinking heavily, when she would be entirely incapacitated. My grand-parents struggled with her and stood by her through thick and thin, until the death of my grandfather, when my grandmother was entirely unable to cope with her. Finally the Catholic Sisters came to the rescue, and she lived in the Convent with them all the last years of her life. She was always nice to us children and we were fond of her, but she must have been a sore trial to our grandmother for many years.

This happened repeatedly: Veronica would have a period of drinking heavily, and my grandmother would scold her severely when it was over. Veronica would announce that she was leaving, that very day, she would not put up with such scolding. "Very well, Veronica, good-bye." She would go to her own room, and put on her best street clothes, then come to my grandmother's bed-room door and say, "Good-bye." My grandmother would again say, "Good-bye"; "Good-bye, Mrs. Cotton", "Good-bye, Veronica"—a long pause, then "Good-bye, Mrs. Cotton", "Good-bye, Veronica."

Finally she would depart, and get as far as the barn, distant from the house about half a city block, where she would sit down. Somewhat later there would issue from the kitchen the clatter usual when supper was in prepara-

tion. When the right time came, Veronica would appear at the bedroom door, in a spotless housedress and say "Supper is ready, Mrs. Cotton."

On such occasions as this, the supper was princely—all the most delicious things that Veronica knew how to make were prepared, and my grandfather would remark that Veronica had outdone herself that night.

No mention was ever made between mistress and maid of what had happened, and it was sure to be repeated in substantially the same way before very long.

I have no recollection whatever of any of the men who worked on the Farm, which is ungrateful of me, as probably many of them were very kind and nice to me. After the death of my grandfather, it became apparent that my grandmother could not live alone on the Farm with Veronica. She became increasingly undependable, poor soul, and would leave my grandmother sole alone for days at a time, in the depth of a north Wisconsin winter. So the Farm was sold, Veronica taken on by the sisters, and my grandmother went to live with her youngest son, Charles.

When my mother's children were all very young and she decided upon leaving her father's home and establishing one of her own, in a very small and simple way, my father was in service in the Civil War, so a combination household was arranged, between my Aunt Grace Howe and my mother, a combination that continued until each of them had passed out of this life.

My mother decided upon this move against the serious remonstrance of her mother, because, in her judgment, the time had come when the tradition of their own fireside should be planted in the minds of her children. It was characteristic of her that her intellectual conclusions, based upon thoughtful consideration of a question, controlled her action. The years that followed,

so early in my own life, have left no consecutive picture in my mind, but certain dim visions, unrelated to each other, have never been erased from my memory; of running away in my nightgown, with bare feet, having donned my older brother's Zouave jacket upside down; of scampering across the vacant square, between my mother's and my aunt's houses, and being waylaid by a goose, which caught hold of the hem of my nightie, and held me fast. It was many a long year before the terror of geese was erased from my mind. I see the streets of the town filled with people, knots of them gathered here and there, a sense of "Sturm und Drang" reached me, and made an indelible impression. The picture has persisted in my mind, in a curious way, and for many years I was unable to interpret it, but I have now come to believe that it must have been the assassination of President Lincoln.

There are many stories told of my brother James, belonging to these years. He was the oldest of four children. When he was six and a half years old, he was apparently expected to be a responsible person. It seems to me now that he was crowded out of his babyhood, and didn't get everything that was "coming to him." He was a funny little boy, lively to a degree, red-haired, red-cheeked and bright-eyed. This story is told, that is not within my recollection: He was four years old and was being taken by our Aunt Grace to join his mother in Madison. While waiting at the station for the train, very early in the morning, he threw up his hands in dismay and said: "My gracious, I forgot to marry Katie McGregor!"

He had looked forward to going to the Brown County Fair, and when the great day came, he was given the money necessary to pay his entrance fee and off he went, alone. He had no more than entered the

grounds when he conceived the hideous idea that he had got to pay to get out, and he had no money. He was too distracted to look about at the tempting exhibits, but hung around the gate, and when the attendant was not looking, he stole out, relieved and thankful for his escape, poor little six-year-old!

He did dreadful things, from our modern point of view: before he could swim, he went into the river with his older cousins, the Tyler boys, and did just what they did—jumped into deep water, off lumber piled high on the wharves, and trusted his cousins to pick him up, when he rose to the surface. Probably his elders did not know that he was running that particular danger, but he went hunting with a regular gun when he was eight years old, with their consent.

Our mother was the personification of gentleness and sympathy with her four children, and yet she was a good disciplinarian. If we deserved a spanking, we had it and in such a way that we remembered it. The usual punishment meted out to me was being set in the middle of my crib to stay an hour. My grandmother Howe, most gentle and least effective of sweet women, highly disapproved of all punishments and mine were invariably mitigated by her bringing her piece-bag for me to rummage through. I never remember getting out of the crib, though the door of the room was closed and I was left alone. I am sure it was not because of natural obedience, but from an inborn conviction that I was to stay there, the unconscious recognition of the force of my mother's character, gentle, sweet spirit though she was.

She was just to a degree and we children recognized it, and accepted her verdict without a murmur of protest. This is one of many instances that I recall: A rainy day had kept us all in the house until our nerves were on edge, and the two younger boys could agree

upon no game to play. Billy was especially peevish. Dick suggested one game after another, none of which would he play; finally Billy proposed one himself and Dick entered into it with enthusiasm, only to find Billy again refusing to play. Dick's patience gave out at that point, and he hit Billy in the face, hard enough to make his nose bleed. Of course Billy went crying to his mother, with his tale of abuse from his bigger brother and his bloody nose. She inquired carefully into the causes of the trouble, and then spanked Billy for being so disagreeable and unaccommodating. However, on the whole there was very little quarrelling among us. Though we were close together in age and our self-interests naturally conflicted many times, our mother simply would not allow it.

I was only four years old when the move to Kenosha was made, but I was old enough to be so thrilled by my arrival at the new home that the memory is still vivid. I was the last of the family to arrive, having been left with my grandmother until the house was settled. I was led by my brother Richard, aged two, all over the house and shown the points of interest.

Large rooms and many of them, floods of sunlight, fine, great trees, Lake Michigan almost in the doorway, were of small account. What intrigued us was the graining in the woodwork, where, in one place, an outline could be discerned faintly suggesting a human figure, and called by the two-year-old brother, "the monkey man." Oh, Monkey Man, none of us will ever forget you!

For many years, the Kenosha home was little more than a dormitory for my father. He went back and forth from there to his office in Chicago, day after day, and year after year, and I do not remember ever hearing it suggested that it was a great strain upon a rather deli-

cate, hard-working man. However, it must have been so considered, because he finally had a room fitted up in his office, where he could spend the night if he wished.

The Kenosha house had around it twenty acres of land, was situated in the northern end of the town, and was our home for twenty-five years. I wonder if deep down in the consciousness of all our mother's children that place is not still "home."

The house was square, built of yellow brick, of one-story, with a high basement. After some years, a second story of six bedrooms was added, and, at the back, an addition containing dining-room, pantry, billiard room and maid's quarters. The house was not handsomely or expensively built, nor was it elaborately equipped, but for that time and place it was entirely adequate. It was lighted by gas, heated by steam. For a large family, one bathroom seems, from a modern point of view, hardly luxurious, but I don't remember that we ever regarded it as in any sense primitive. There were few houses in Kenosha, at that time, so well equipped.

The house was said to be fifty years old when my father acquired it. He bought it from Mrs. Smith, a young and gay widow, and entirely in the spirit of fun, he dubbed the place "Smithville", and the silly name stuck to it, through all the years, and when, long afterward, it was sold, it went on to the map of the town as the "Smithville Subdivision."

The house stood in the midst of its twenty acres with Lake Michigan in full view; the old oak trees were superb, the lilac and Barbary bushes were fine, gardens of both vegetables and flowers were large and productive. My mother planted an avenue of small elm trees, leading from the entrance gate to the front door, and when I saw the place after some thirty years, it had become quite thickly settled with pleasant looking small

houses, and the elms had become large and luxuriant, casting a grateful shade and beautifying their surroundings. My mother took full responsibility for the place. My father used to say that he went to the stables every Fourth of July, but I think even that was an exaggeration. Later on, our Aunt Grace took over the house-keeping, to lift the burden from my mother, and that distribution of responsibility and care worked admirably. I think it may be said that it is characteristic of us as a family that the women take full responsibility for the working of their households in all its ramifications, and the men full responsibility for the business end.

The large, pleasant house, and the rather unkempt but really delightful grounds were, after all, but the shell for the life that went on in our Kenosha home. Our mother was the animating spirit, her personality pervaded every nook and corner, pervaded it not because of self-assertion or domination, but with a beautiful kindness that helped each member of her household to develop in freedom and security, and under infinite friendliness. The best literature was read and discussed in our home, my father and aunt were gifted talkers, and the conversation that went on among the older members of the family, both around the dining-table and in the library, was, in itself, a liberal education for the youngsters, and, I am sure, it was the most cultural influence I ever came under, because it went on year after year and was a part of the atmosphere in which we were brought up. Echoes of those days that have come through the years have convinced me that the influence of our home and of my mother personally was by no means confined to her own household. Many a person has said that the happiest hours and most wholesome pleasures of his or her childhood were centered



*"Smithville", Home of James H. Howe,
Kenosha, Wisconsin*

houses, and the elms had become large and luxuriant, casting a grateful shade and beautifying their surroundings. My mother took full responsibility for the place. My father used to say that he went to the stables every Fourth of July, but I think even that was an exaggeration. Later on, our Aunt Grace took over the house-keeping, to lift the burden from my mother, and that distribution of responsibility and care worked admirably. I think it may be said that it is characteristic of us as a family that the women take full responsibility for the working of their households in all its ramifications, and the men full responsibility for the business end.

The large, pleasant house, and the rather unkempt but really delightful grounds were, after all, but the shell for the life that went on in our Kenosha home. Our mother was the animating spirit, her personality pervaded every nook and corner, pervaded it not because of self-assertion or domination, but with a beautiful kindness that helped each member of her household to develop in freedom and security, and under infinite friendliness. The best literature was read and discussed in our home, my father and aunt were gifted talkers, and the conversation that went on among the older members of the family, both around the dining-table and in the library, was, in itself, a liberal education for the youngsters, and, I am sure, it was the most cultural influence I ever came under, because it went on year after year and was a part of the atmosphere in which we were brought up. Echoes of those days that have come through the years have convinced me that the influence of our home and of my mother personally was by no means confined to her own household. Many a person has said that the happiest hours and most wholesome pleasures of his or her childhood were centered



around Mrs. Howe and the life at Smithville, of which she was the genius.

Our lives as children were delightfully free and happy. We had large spaces for play and we never questioned the hospitality of our home, but brought our friends there, in unlimited numbers, at any and all times. I never went to public school, but my brothers all did at one time or another, and met there all kinds and conditions of youngsters. Our home was at one extreme end of the town, and the children with whom we would naturally play all lived quite at the other end. Our neighbors were all operatives in the various factories of the town and, without exception, were German. The schoolboys may have looked askance at my brothers—or may not have—but at any rate, Jamie felt obliged to establish his personal prestige among them with his fists. He fought to a finish every boy who called him a “red-head” and as he was a true “carrot top”, daily conflicts were inevitable. This pugnacity was a strange development in the little boy, for ever after he learned to read he was a veritable book-worm. He read almost every waking hour he was out of school, but in some way he always found plenty of time to fight and also plenty of time to tease his younger brother, another incongruity. I remember one day my father said, and calmly too, that he hoped to live to see the day that Dickie would thrash Jamie within an inch of his life, but happily that time never came, nor the wish for retaliation.

My brother Richard, so family tradition runs, spent his early years in vain regret at being a boy and not a girl, having got the idea from me, who am nearly two years older than he. For a year, in saying his prayers, he asked to be made a “good little girl”, because I did. He played dolls with me because I wanted him to, and wore my clothes, whenever he and I played alone to-

gether. He repeated everything that I said, and did everything I told him to do; apparently he had no existence that was not under my control—all of which is very amusing, in the light of after events. Of course, the time came when he declared his independence, but curiously enough I have no recollection of it—probably it came naturally, when we were old enough to go to school.

Our youngest brother, “Billy”, was a delicate child. He was a babe in arms when we went to Kenosha to live, and as far as I can remember he did not take much part in the doings of our childhood. He was the one really good-looking one among us, with his very dark hair and his fine, dark-blue eyes. He resembled his mother’s family; the rest of us, in appearance, are true Howes, intelligent-looking, perhaps, but peculiarly plain. Billy gained his full stature of six feet when he was thirteen, which meant, of course, that he seriously outgrew his strength. He lived to be only thirty years old and as he is the only one of our mother’s children who is not living, at the present writing, I record that he married Mary Thompson, daughter of Bishop Hugh Miller Thompson of Mississippi, and had one son, James Henry Howe, who has my father’s full name. He had been ordained to the Episcopal Ministry, and died when his little son was a year old.

His lovely wife survived him about five years, and they both lie in the family burial lot in Kenosha, beside my father and mother. Mary Thompson’s death was peculiarly touching. She went with her parents to their estate in the North Carolina mountains, for a rest, after a particularly strenuous winter. From there she went still further up into the mountains with her Aunt Catherine Hinsdale, for a month of “roughing it” in the open. When they reached this place, they found an epidemic of fever raging, a fever as nearly like the oriental

typhus fever as ever developed in this country. Half the people in the settlement were sick and a man who had been a nurse during the Civil War was the nearest approach to a doctor that there was. Mary and her aunt threw themselves selflessly into nursing the sick and both contracted the fever. Miss Hinsdale, after weeks of illness, recovered, but Mary died. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man should lay down his life for his friend."

As children, I remember that we looked forward eagerly to visits from our grandparents; they never came together, as one must always be at home to look after the stock and the Farm generally. I seem to recall with especial vividness and pleasure the visits from our grandfather—we resented the cruel fate that made it necessary to leave him a part of each day and go to school. Late every afternoon we gathered in our "spare" room, around the open coal fire, and he told us stories of life in the wild west, thrilling tales that made us creep and tingle—the cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, that appeared in the sky and quickly developed into a devastating hurricane, the dangers met and surmounted in crossing the Brazos and the Rio Grande, skulking Indians and Mexicans, the shooting of wild turkey for food when on the point of starvation, the encounters with wild beasts, the narrow escapes of all kinds and description, all told with distinct histrionic ability. He made these tales from a combination of his own experiences, his imagination and his reading of Dime Novels—he would have been a great writer of scenarios, had he lived in these days.

Our grandmother's visits were less frequent, but were always gala occasions. I remember the pride with which I introduced her to my friends.

There was much music in our family life. Our mother

was a real musician, but was not musically educated—the pity of it! She played by ear, anything she heard, she sang a light, clear, true alto, she danced, and taught us to dance—she was rhythmical to her finger tips. It was quite within the routine for us to dance a quadrille every night after dinner, before we went to bed. There were four of us, first we would be head couple, and then side couple. My mother played for the dancing, “called off” the figures, and kept an eye on us to see that we did it right.

When Billy was still too little to dance, our nurse danced with us. I remember that we sang a great deal, our mother at the piano, we four children grouped around her. She taught us Sunday School songs and hymns, negro melodies, Civil War songs, popular songs of the day, “Swanee River”, “Old Uncle Ned”, “Tenting Angels’ feet have trod”, “There is a happy land, far, far away, where Saints in glory stand, bright, bright as day”, “Swanee River”, “Old Uncle Ned”, “Tenting Tonight on the Old Camp Ground”, “John Brown’s Body” and countless others, the words of which I still remember, though probably only in part.

We went to dancing school, of course. It was taught by Mr. and Mrs. Severance, who came down from Milwaukee for the purpose. We went only in the afternoon, though we longed to go at night also, but were not allowed to, for it was “early to bed” at our house. Our mother always went with us, and before many lessons were over she could teach quite as well as the professionals, indeed she used to lend them a hand with the awkward squad. I shall never forget those teachers, Mr. Severance with a long, brown beard, black coat and pearl-gray trousers, playing his fiddle and teaching at the same time, tripping about in time to his own music, and stopping to point at us with his bow if we made mistakes. It

must have been amusing, but we didn't know it; to us it was pure delight.

Our lives were, as they should have been, uneventful during the early years at Smithville, but one great experience befell us, and made an indelible impression. For our father's convenience, it was decided that we rent a furnished house in Chicago for the winter, and, accordingly, one was selected in Superior Street, on the North Side, very near the Lake shore. About three weeks after we had gone into it, on October 9th, 1870, the great fire broke out, which devastated the business district and the residential North Side. We knew when we went to bed that a great fire was raging in the heart of the city. At about one o'clock in the morning, my father was aroused by a neighbor and told that the fire had crossed the river, that the high wind was driving it directly toward us, and that it was not more than a mile distant. We were all aroused and hastily dressed; my father went to the stable for the horses and carriage, while my mother hastily selected a few things to take with her. I remember that she took a little of her silver, the framed baby pictures of us children, and tied into a handkerchief a few pieces of jewelry belonging to my Aunt, who was in Kenosha for a few days visit. I was permitted to take my cat and my "Paris doll." We had no clothes but those on our backs. We left our house at two o'clock in the morning, and by that time the fire had nearly surrounded us. We stopped at the house of a friend, where many people had already gathered, and stayed until it became evident that that house also was doomed. Then we drove out of the city, to the north, beyond Lincoln Park, to the house of an acquaintance, where hundreds of people had by that time congregated, and the question of food and water was menacing. My father left us there to go back to his office, if any ap-

proach to it were left—he had to make a detour of miles and never reached it, as it had been burned long since. However, he stayed as near there as possible, in order to look to the security of the safes as soon as they were sufficiently cooled, and sent the carriage back to my mother, by one of his clerks whom he accidentally met, also trying to reach the office, with the message for her to get to Kenosha as soon as she could.

I have many times thought of her courage in taking her four children and herself driving over roads entirely unfamiliar to her, knowing only the general direction in which she was to go. She had no one with whom to share the responsibility and she kept us children calm and unafraid. Our mother was of heroic mould.

We narrowly escaped an unspeakable tragedy, the night of the fire. My brother James with another small boy started off, unknown to our mother, to see the fire—fortunately he met a neighbor, who turned him back. Had the little boy wandered on, he never could have found his way home, in the lurid light and hideous confusion of that terrible night.

I remember that we finally reached Ravenswood, a small town probably ten miles north of Chicago in the direction of Kenosha, on the line of the Chicago and North Western Railway. My mother drove her horses into a grove of trees, and there tied them securely, taking us children into the railroad station to await events.

There was no telling when, if at all, a train would come, or if it would stop at Ravenswood—the agent did not wish to flag it, should one come. I remember the way in which our gentle mother told him that if he did not, she would. She explained to him that her husband, being General Manager of the Company, would stand behind whatever they did.

I remember an elderly gentleman entering the sta-

tion and saying, "I understand that Mrs. Colonel Howe is here, I would like to speak to her." He had come to offer us the hospitality of his home, for as long a time as we should need it; he knew our father, and admired him. My mother told him she must get to Kenosha if possible, and must go by train as her horses were exhausted. She asked him to care for them until she could send for them, which he very kindly did.

I shall never forget that train, when it finally came, crowded with distracted people; children without their parents, parents without their children, the indescribable misery and distress that crowded those cars. At last we reached Kenosha, late in the evening, having left our house at two o'clock in the morning. Our old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Simmons, took us in and housed us with the utmost hospitality, until we could get our own home ready to live in again.

Then began the struggle to get us clothed; there was no such thing then as ready-to-wear clothing. I believe that flannel underwear, stockings and handkerchiefs, were practically all one could buy, ready-made. I have heard my aunt say that she and my mother, with five seamstresses, sewed steadily for six weeks before we were equipped with necessary clothing. I remember that our friends gave up their seamstresses to us for that emergency—no small sacrifice, which I am sure was gratefully appreciated. When it was all over, our mother had a serious nervous breakdown and had to spend several months at a "water cure" in Cleveland.

Not only had she borne the nervous strain of the fire, the responsibility of securing the safety of her children and the work of rehabilitating her family, but I, personally, added greatly to the strain—for three weeks she slept with me folded closely in her arms, for if she relaxed her hold, I was instantly awake and sitting up. Oh, the

sense of those sheltering arms, I hope I may never forget it!

She had taken a good many of her own furnishings from the Kenosha house to Chicago, things that made for the appearance and comfort of the Chicago house—lace curtains, books, pictures, china, silver, her new Steinway piano, etc. When she replaced the piano, which she did the following winter, she bought the first upright Steinway that was ever sold in Chicago. Today, after sixty years, it is still in use and in very fair condition.

This story has been told of the china: When my parents were married, they had what was then called a “tea set” of choice English china, white with a gold band and a decoration of small pink rosebuds, of a charming color. As time went on, it gradually disappeared, leaving finally a much broken and mended tea-pot and one cup. Our mother wished to replace the set, and this could be done only by sending a sample back to the factory in England, and having it made to order. This was a very costly process and it had to be done a little at a time, so it took three years to complete the purchase of an entire dinner service of more than two hundred pieces. Finally, the last consignment had come, and all had been taken to Chicago. My mother had issued invitations for a dinner party where the lovely new china was to be used for the first time. It was all destroyed by the fire before the dinner took place, and she was again reduced to the mended teapot and the single cup.

A word must be said about our horses, which were a very important part of the pleasure of our young years. When we first went to Kenosha, we had a pair of small horses, “Kitty” and “Nellie” by name, for some years. They did the fetching and carrying for the family. When they were relieved of this, they came into the possession

of us children and we rode and drove them, until we became good horsemen. Finally, the day came when they were retired to a farm, the hope and expectation being that they would end their days in comfort and well-earned leisure. Our mother always said that Kitty and Nellie knew so much more than we children did that we could be trusted to their care and discretion when we had none of our own. Kitty was a little short-tempered, and when too much irritated by the boys she simply threw them over her head and stood by and waited for them to pick themselves up and remount. A good deal later in their lives, the boys had a well-trained Kentucky thoroughbred riding horse, who was ugly in disposition. Little cared they; when he was infuriated and ran away, they liked it, and were never thrown, as far as I remember.

I had a little horse, "Belle", a gentle, lovely creature. I was a careless driver, but she had so much more sense than I had that we never got into trouble. She minded the voice quite as well as the reins. I knew this, for more than once I dropped them and brought her to a standstill by gently suggesting that she stop—dear little Belle, I hope I shall meet her in Heaven.

And then there was "Brown Bess", who seemed also to have belonged to me; my father bought for me a phaeton, with a canopy top, which I considered the *dernier cri en chic*, and I spent many joyous hours and days driving around the pretty surrounding country. Brown Bess grew old and Peter grew old and the phaeton grew old with them, and the trio became well known characters around the town.

Peter Tilman was our faithful man of all work. He emigrated to Green Bay from Holland, and when the Civil War broke out he enlisted and served as orderly to my father during all of his service. My father said

that during the War they never camped anywhere too cold or wet or dreary for Peter not to have a bowl of steaming hot coffee for him in an incredibly short time. When the war ended, he went with us to Kenosha, and served as general man in the care of the place and stables. I do not recall that he was ever dignified by the name of coachman, but he held a place in our respect and interest that far transcended any title. He was faithfulness itself and the personification of disinterested devotion to us all, especially to my father, who was his standard in all things. "How old are you, Peter?"

"Just one year younger than the Colonel, Ma'am"—though he looked many years older.

No description of Smithville and our life there would be complete without mention of Spot, the big pointer, who belonged to my brother Richard but was the beloved pet of us all. I suppose there were things he didn't know, but living for years on terms of intimacy with a family of children had taught him a great deal outside the real business of his life, which was hunting. He had friends all through the town—I remember once our mother was waiting outside the house of a friend, and Spot, having followed the carriage, was resting beside it. Two little girls came up to her and said, "Our mamma has gone to Chicago, and we are lonesome, and we want to pet Spot Howe."

When at last he grew old and feeble and had to be put out of life, it was a distinct grief to us all, and I remember that we seriously discussed the question as to whether or not it was worth while to have pets, when their lives are short, at best, and always end tragically. I can't remember that we ever had another dog, the pain of losing Spot was so great.

Our brother-cousin, Chester Bradford, came to live

with us when he was four years old and I was fourteen. He is the son of Rolvin Bradford, a direct lineal descendant of Gov. William Bradford, the first governor of the Plymouth Colony, who came to these shores on the *Mayflower*. His mother was Persis Torrey, a double cousin of my father—a cousin particularly dear. A great sorrow befell us when she developed tuberculosis and died.

In her last illness, she was taken to Colorado Springs, in the hope of saving her life, and my Aunt Grace went with her to assist in the care of her. When it was evident that the end was approaching, she arranged that my Aunt have the bringing-up of her little boy. And so he came into our family and became the little brother of us all. He was exceedingly frail, and probably would not have grown to manhood had he not had the minute and intelligent care that my Aunt gave him. He was an enchanting little boy, and the stories told of him are countless and very funny. He could read as well as any of us, when he came into our family. The year before, when he was three years old, he fell and broke his leg in two places, and to keep him amused and quiet, his father taught him his letters. That was a short process; so then he taught him to put two letters together—in—it—as, and from that point on, he taught himself to read. I remember the pride with which we used to exhibit his accomplishment.

To select only one of the many funny stories of his little boyhood: Probably by that time we all had “allowances”, and he heard us talk about them. He wanted one too, and asked my mother for it. She heartily agreed, and asked him how much he wanted, and he himself fixed it at two cents a week. Whenever he was displeased with her for any reason, he said, “Aunt Petie,

you shan't pay me my 'lounge' ", as being the worst punishment he could think of for her.

This simple chronicle draws to an end—in it I do not attempt to go beyond the childhood of our mother's children.

We lived at Smithville for twenty-five years, our lives there ending with our mother's life. That unspeakable sorrow came to us in 1887.

During the years, there were sorrows, grave anxieties, and often a small amount of money had to go a long way, but our parents took their children with them into all of their experiences, as far as it was possible. We shared with them the pleasures, the advantages, the pain and the responsibilities, so no matter what befell we could never be very unhappy because we were with them, and felt their strength behind us. It was with heavy hearts and faltering steps that we had to learn to go on first without our mother, and five years later, without our father. We were blessed in that our dear Aunt Grace stayed with us for many years, until long after we were all married and had new homes of our own, and for our lasting comfort we have all the beautiful and unforgettable memories.

We are not a distinguished family, and yet occasionally through the generations, one or another has lifted his head well above the average of humankind. And you, who are to come after, do you not find much among your forebears to respect and honor, and something to emulate?

APPENDIX

In the interest of geneology, and for a possible convenience, I add the following vital statistics concerning my mother's children:

1

James Torrey Howe married Mary Cleves, daughter of Washington Houston and Elizabeth Tinker Talbot, of Indianapolis.

Their son is Talbot, who married Rebecca Whittemore, daughter of Ephraim and Cora Fletcher Bradbury Cutter, of Boston.

Their children are:

Dorothea Rebecca and Richard Talbot (deceased).

2

Elizabeth Tyler Howe married Arthur L. K. Volkmann, son of Frederick and Augusta Volkmann, of Berlin, Germany.

Their children are:

James Howe and Mary Gordon.

James Howe married Mary, daughter of the Reverend William H. and Louise Dennison Lyon, of Brookline, Massachusetts.

Their children are:

Mary (deceased), Dennison Lyon, Gordon Howe, Anne Bradford, Elizabeth Louise, Ruth.

3

Richard Flint Howe married Abby, daughter of William and Clara Hamilton Deering, of Evanston, Illinois.

Their son is William Deering, who married Polly, daughter of John Chauncey and Louise Davis Brooks, of Baltimore.

Their children are:

Cynthia Brooks and Priscilla Cotton.

4

William Torrey Howe married Mary, daughter of the Right Reverend Hugh Miller and Anna Hinsdale Thompson, of Mississippi.

Their son is James Henry, who married Lise Courtney, daughter of Horace Ellenaper and Georgia Hooker Shropshire, of Alabama.

Their children are:

James William, Gerald Shropshire and Lise Courtney.

5

Chester Torrey Bradford married Minna Whiting, daughter of Charles and Annie Chase Wanzer, of Saint Paul, Minnesota.

Their children are:

Dorothy May, Minna Whiting and Ann.

Dorothy married William Elliott, son of Elizabeth Lewis and William Henry Johnson, of Evanston, Illinois.

Their children are:

Ann Whiting and William Bradford.

Minna Whiting married Scott Corwith, son of Dan and Cecile Corwith Greene, of Winnetka, Illinois.

Their son is Scott Bradford.

